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THE MONTH

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**CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY
AND THE POPULATION PROBLEM**

JOHN L. RUSSELL

ST. JOSEPH CALASANCTIUS

A. C. F. BEALES

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THE SIX HALLS FESTIVAL

On October 11, 1957 the front page of the Catholic Herald gives the first news of the Festival, and Fr. Basset, S.J. was at work again. In February, 35,000 people attended the Six Halls Festival throughout the country.

Father Basset's reports in the Catholic Herald appear, it would seem suitably, under the heading of 'All Sorts.'

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LONGMANS

CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY AND THE POPULATION PROBLEM

By

JOHN L. RUSSELL

CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY is relevant to the population problem in two different ways: the first practical and immediate, the second theoretical and more remote. The practical aspect is concerned with the question: what steps ought we to take here and now in order to help those countries which are over-populated in relation to their present material resources, or are in immediate danger of becoming so? A discussion on these lines would have to examine, for instance, the obligations which may be incumbent on wealthy countries to help their less prosperous neighbours, the morality or otherwise of schemes for a planned population policy, and so on. It would be concerned with the present situation and present policies, and would not need to ask what would be the right course to pursue in hypothetical circumstances which might arise in the more or less remote future but which may, on the other hand, never arise at all. The present situation is, of course, the more immediately important one, and we should not allow ourselves to be deflected from it by doubts or anxieties of a more speculative origin. Nevertheless there is an underlying theoretical problem, and we must take it into account if we wish to see our present difficulties in a wider historical and theological setting. It is with this that the present article will be concerned. Essentially the problem is that which was first posed by Malthus, though purged of some of the secondary and accidental errors which disfigured Malthus' own presentation of it. It may be formulated thus: any population which shows a steady rate of increase will eventually outrun its food supply, and ultimately will outrun any possible or conceivable food supply.

Let us consider, as a concrete case, a population which doubles itself every hundred years. This is a convenient figure since it is comparable to, though less than, the actual present rate of increase. At the present rate, world population would double itself in less than seventy years. If a population were to start as a single pair of human beings, and if it were to double every hundred years, then in about three thousand years it would have grown to the size of the present population of the world. Hence, if world population had always increased at just this rate, our first parents would have been created about 1000 B.C.

What of the future? One thousand years hence, at the same rate, there would be two million million people, and we should have to increase our food production a thousand-fold to cope with the situation. In 2,500 years from now, the population would be so densely packed that there would be one man on every square yard of the earth's surface, including the sea. In 5,000 years the weight of human beings would be equal to the total weight of the earth, and in 14,000 years to the estimated total weight of the universe.

Doubling in a hundred years is a relatively rapid rate of increase, but the same problem arises also with slower rates. If the population doubled itself every thousand years, then all the above figures would have to be multiplied by ten. It would therefore have required 30,000 years to have produced the present world population from a single pair, and it will be 25,000 years before we shall have reached the stage of standing room only on the earth's surface. Since there is good evidence that true human beings have existed on this earth for at least 50,000 years, and perhaps for 500,000 or more, it follows that the average rate of increase over the whole of human history has been very slow. Periods of rapid increase are and always must be relatively rare and transient. The present phase cannot continue for very long—long, that is, compared with the total span of history. It will have to stop, or be very drastically curtailed, within a few centuries at most. The problem is: how is this to be done?

First, however, let us note that the question at the moment is theoretical rather than practical. It cannot be said that the world at present is absolutely over-populated. It would certainly be possible to increase food production to such an extent as to

provide for any increase in population which can reasonably be expected during the next hundred years at least; perhaps for two hundred or more. There are many social and political obstacles in the way of actually producing the required increase, but these should not in principle be insuperable. It would be disastrous if those people who have power to help in the immediate present allowed themselves to be inhibited by obsessive anxieties concerning the more remote future. We should not be so busy worrying over the possible state of affairs in the twenty-second century A.D. that we are unable to do the work which lies to our hand in the twentieth century. Nevertheless, the question does concern us and we should not shirk it.

There are a number of different levels at which the problem can be discussed. First there is the purely natural level as envisaged, for instance, in the philosophy of Aristotle or, on a more abstract plane, by Christian Aristotelians such as St. Thomas. On this level, the world is regarded as a natural unity composed of individual substances, each of which has a definite specific nature in accordance with which it acts or, in the case of human beings, ought to act. Leaving man out of account for the moment, the other creatures of this world act, *ipso facto*, by virtue of their natural tendencies in such a way as to seek their own perfection, i.e., the full development of their natural powers, as well as the welfare and permanence of the species. Moreover, the world as a whole is so ordered that these natural tendencies will not, by and large, be frustrated. Although many individuals will, *per accidens*, fail to develop, yet conditions are such, in a general way, as to permit each species to find its niche and perpetuate itself as part of a harmonious system. Man also has a nature, expressing itself as a unified system of natural tendencies and needs. But man, unlike the other animals, has free will, and is therefore not compelled to act in accordance with his nature. It is still true for him, as for the others, that he can only perfect himself, and attain true happiness, if he does so act; nevertheless he may, and often does, act contrary to it. For the Christian Aristotelian, sin, in the natural order, consists precisely in acting contrary to the natural law—the law which he must follow if he is to attain the end to which his nature is directed.

Within the general framework of Aristotle's philosophy of nature, we should not expect to find any insuperable population

problem. His theory would seem to imply that if men lived according to the light of nature, developing their natural powers and exercising their natural functions harmoniously, without distorting or perverting them, then they, and human society as a whole, would tend towards a state of natural happiness and perfection. For the Greeks in general, such a harmonious development of the natural powers represented the highest perfection of which man is capable.

Aristotle's theory of nature was accepted almost universally by biologists until the nineteenth century, but has since encountered many difficulties in the biological sphere. Animal and plant natures are more difficult to define, and the order of nature is much less stable than he supposed. And since the time of Malthus a similar difficulty has been recognised at the level of human society. It seems to be in accordance with human nature and even, in the natural order, one of its demands, that men and women should marry and have intercourse regularly throughout their lives. Yet the result of this activity, unless its natural goal is deliberately frustrated, seems to be to produce a thoroughly disordered world in which there cannot be enough food for all.

The problem is not precisely the same, nor quite so real, for the Christian Aristotelian since, for him, the order of nature is not something which actually exists, but is an abstraction. He accepts the idea that man has a stable nature, manifesting itself in certain fundamental needs and tendencies in accordance with which he ought to act. But he does not admit that there is, in the concrete, a self-sufficient order of nature—at least where man is concerned. God did not create man with the intention that he should aim at a purely natural perfection. From the beginning it was His intention that man's needs and capacities should transcend the natural order; he is destined for a supernatural end which he is intrinsically incapable of achieving by his own efforts. There is not, and never has been, any goal of natural perfection which he could reach. Hence there is no real contradiction in supposing that this world is not the sort of place where living according to "pure nature" would produce natural happiness. No doubt, if God had wished to create a purely natural world in the Aristotelian sense, He would have made it very different from our present one. One of the differences would presumably have been that human populations would not have tended to increase

beyond manageable bounds. How this would have been achieved we do not know. We are not living in a world which is ordered to any state of natural perfection, and we must accept this. In this world there is no reason to expect that there should be any satisfactory solution of the population problem on a purely natural plane.

This does not mean that the natural order is a mere fiction or can simply be set aside. Man still has his nature and he must act in accordance with it. Grace perfects nature but does not abolish it. Hence if we act in such a way as to deliberately frustrate or pervert the primary tendencies of our being, we shall thereby be blocking the path to the attainment of genuine self-fulfilment, whether in the natural or the supernatural order. Observance of the natural law is a necessary but not a sufficient condition for any stable or permanent human happiness.

The second level at which the population problem can be discussed is that known to theologians as Original Justice. According to Catholic teaching, God's original or primary intention in creating man was that he should be raised, from the very beginning, to the supernatural order. Our first parents were called to a life of close union and intimacy with God, which was altogether beyond the natural power of human nature to attain, and was made possible only by the gift of sanctifying grace. Primarily the raising of man to the supernatural order affected his spiritual powers only, but as a secondary effect it involved a "supernaturalising" of the physical world. Instead of the hypothetical and never fully realised order of nature there was brought into being, with the creation of man, a new and higher harmony of nature and grace, which involved a new ordering of the physical world itself. The precise nature of this ordering is to some extent a matter for speculation. Theologians teach that in the state of Original Justice man would not have been subject to disease or death. So long as he conformed himself to God's will his physical and spiritual well-being would have been assured, and when his time on earth came to an end he would have passed to his eternal reward in heaven without the necessity of experiencing suffering or death. Clearly, therefore, there would have been no population problem under these conditions, though we do not know exactly how it would have been avoided. The state of Original Justice is no practical concern of ours at the present time.

The third and most concrete level at which the problem can be considered is that of man's actual condition here and now. Our first parents rejected the conditions under which the state of Original Justice would have been established (or rather, confirmed for posterity, since it did in fact exist for a short period between man's creation and his fall). In consequence, we are now in a state neither of pure nature nor of Original Justice. We are born into this world in a state of Original Sin. This has its effects both in the physical and in the spiritual order. Its primary effect is spiritual: whereas man was created for a supernatural destiny, yet he comes into the world deprived of that sanctifying grace which is the only means by which he could achieve this destiny. Until he has been restored to the state of grace, either by baptism or by such other means as God may offer when baptism is not available, he is a creature with no end or purpose which could satisfy his needs in the concrete circumstances of this life. Original Sin has its effects also in the physical world. Firstly, the supernatural physical order has gone for ever. The world is a place where physical processes, whether in the inorganic or the organic realm, are by no means wholly ordered towards man's earthly happiness. He is always liable to disaster from famine, disease or natural catastrophes. And this disharmony between man and his environment extends also to his own personal life. He finds within himself conflicting desires, some of which are clearly contrary to his true happiness, but are none the less powerful on this account. To choose the right course may sometimes be very difficult, though never impossible.

It is clear, therefore, that we have no right to expect any simple or easy solution of the population problem. There is no natural ordering of the world, whereby a man could live in harmony with his physical environment merely by living in accordance with the needs and tendencies of his nature. And there is no longer any supernatural ordering, whereby this harmony could be attained spontaneously, permanently and without struggle in some other way. There is a disharmony within human nature, and a discordance between human interests and the general structure of the physical world, which will never be wholly resolved in this life. It follows that Catholics must automatically reject any Utopian solution of human problems. By a Utopian solution I mean one according to which humanity could

attain by its own efforts to a state of perfect or near-perfect harmony and happiness which, once gained, should be stable and permanent. Utopian theories in general presuppose either that there is an automatic progress of the human race to ever greater perfection, as in Marxism and in some forms of evolutionary philosophy, or that Utopia could be produced by some change in political or social organisation, by correct methods of educating the young, or by some other magic formula to cure all human ills.

As Catholics we deny the possibility of Utopia in this sense, but, contrary to what is often supposed, we do not deny the possibility of an earthly paradise in a more restricted sense. It is no part of God's plan for the world, even in the present order of things, that people should be unhappy. If every man, woman and child were to co-operate perfectly with God's will, in accordance with the grace given to them, the world would be a very happy place indeed. And there is no inherent impossibility in this supposition. But this is not Utopia. It would not come easily or automatically; there is no simple formula by which it could be produced. It could come only by prayer, self-discipline and self-sacrifice on the part of all. Even when it had been attained it would not be stable; it would always be liable to be lost again. Its realisation is, one must admit, very improbable but it is not impossible. This is a point on which we must insist. God's Providence is still at work. He has a plan for the world within the context of human nature, fallen and redeemed—a plan which can in principle be realised. Our true happiness consists in coming to know His Will, so far as it concerns us personally, and then acting according to it. We cannot hope to know God's design for the universe in its completeness. Too much depends on future circumstances which are necessarily hidden from us. Hence we cannot say dogmatically that the solution of the population problem is such and such. We can, however, have confidence that there is an answer, and we can legitimately consider the lines along which it might be found. A solution which is in conformity with God's Will for mankind can be called an (or the) ideal solution. As against this, the means, whereby populations will in fact be stabilised, can be called the actual solution of the problem, and it may differ widely from the ideal. In the remainder of this essay we shall be concerned mainly with the possibility of an ideal solution.

One suggestion which has been made is that surplus population may perhaps ultimately become able to emigrate to other stars or planets, spreading without limit throughout the universe. It is clear, however, from the figures already quoted, that this could not provide a long-term solution. After a few thousand years, at the present rate of increase, all the stars and nebulae up to the furthest visible limits would be fully occupied! And there are cogent reasons for supposing that it will always be physically impossible for any human being to reach even the nearest nebula in so short a time.

A second possibility is that God intends that the human race should continue to multiply without check, and that He has ordained in His Providence that the world will come to an end before it has become absolutely over-populated. We know by revelation that this order of things will pass away, with the Second Coming of Our Lord and the Last Judgment, and the solution of the problem might be linked up with that event. This is possible but we have no right to bank on it. We do not know when the Second Coming will be, and it seems clear that we are not meant to know. We have no right to make it an excuse for failing to exercise ordinary human prudence and foresight. It remains therefore to explore the alternative: that eventually world population will become stabilised. This could come about in one of two different ways (or a combination of the two): an increase in the death-rate or a decrease in the birth-rate.

An increase in the death-rate would, of course, be the ultimate stabilising factor if no other had previously come into operation. If population really outran food supply, people would starve. Or the death-rate might increase for other reasons, before there was any real over-population: for instance, as a result of a world war or a breakdown of medical services. However, there can hardly be any ideal solution along these lines. War is certainly no part of God's ideal plan for the world: and there would seem to be something radically defective in the design of a world in which all man's efforts to combat famine and disease must necessarily be frustrated or, if temporarily successful, can only result in greater suffering at some future time. A permanent increase in the death-rate, whether by war, famine or disease, may well be the actual solution but it can hardly be the ideal one. It remains, therefore, to consider the possibility of a fall in the

birth-rate. Such a fall might occur in several different ways. It might be the result of a decrease in the marriage rate or of a decrease in the number of children per marriage. If to the latter, it might be due to a natural diminution of human fecundity, to later marriages, or to deliberate restriction of births; which in turn might be effected by total abstinence from sexual intercourse after a certain number of children had been born, or by the use of the safe period, or by artificial contraception.

There is some evidence which suggests that natural fecundity is declining at the present time, independently of deliberate birth control. This is a controversial question which I have considered elsewhere,¹ and I shall not discuss it now. It is very unlikely that the decline will ever be sufficient to provide any complete solution of the problem, though it may well bring some alleviation.

The most obvious way of reducing the birth-rate, and the one generally favoured by neo-Malthusians, is artificial contraception. This is a crucial point at issue between the Church and the modern world. If contraception were permissible, it might perhaps provide a solution. It would be out of place, in a general survey like the present, to undertake a detailed examination of the ethical principles involved. Two remarks must suffice. Firstly, granted that contraception is intrinsically wrong, it cannot be a satisfactory solution even on the natural plane. There may sometimes seem to be immediate advantages in contravening the natural law, but in the long run any widespread departure from it, even in good faith, is bound to have a corrupting influence on society. There can be no ideal solution along these lines. Secondly, quite apart from the theoretical moral question, it is most unlikely that contraception will ever be a permanent actual solution. There will probably always be more vigorous races or societies who will not want to limit their families, either because they like having children or because they want to expand and fill the earth—or a good deal more of it than they do at present. And I do not think that the comfort-loving peoples who prefer a high standard of living to a large family will be able to stop them in the long run. This view has been cogently argued by Sir Charles Darwin in his book *The Next Million Years*.

The moral objections against contraception do not apply to an alternative method of limiting families: the use of the safe

¹ *Clergy Review*, Vol. 24 (1944), pp. 385-394.

period. Nevertheless, I doubt whether a more or less universal use of this method is an ideal solution, nor, for that matter, a practicable actual one. Although it can legitimately be used in order to avoid having children when there is a sufficient reason for so doing, yet there would seem to be something defective about a society in which most married people had to organise their intercourse in such a way as deliberately to evade its natural consequences throughout the greater part of their married lives.

In any case, I am not sure that a decline in the average number of children per family, below a certain level, is an ideal solution however it may be effected. A stable population, at the marriage and death-rates current in Great Britain, would imply an average of less than 2.4 children per marriage, and this will be reduced still further as the death-rate continues to decrease. This means that, ultimately, relatively few families could have more than two children. The smallest family in which each child can have both a brother and a sister is four; this is therefore the minimum size in which the full range of family affections can be experienced. It would certainly not be fair to suggest that every child from a smaller family has been seriously deprived, but it does seem that the perfection of family life would not be attained in a world in which four or even three-child families were relatively rare exceptions.

So we come to the final possibility: that in a fully populated world a substantial proportion of men and women should live celibate lives, while those who marry should be prepared to have reasonably large families. This could only be an ideal solution if the acceptance of celibacy were voluntary, whole-hearted and motivated by love of God and of our neighbour. It would not necessarily involve retiring into a monastery or embracing the religious life in the strict sense; it might be done through the medium of secular institutes whose members, for the most part, pursued their ordinary avocations in the world. It would, of course, be quite incompatible with the dream of Utopia as a sort of Lotus land where hard work, self-denial and self-discipline are no longer necessary, since everything is arranged to fall out exactly as we and everyone else wants it. It would hardly be possible at all except in a Catholic community where the Evangelical Counsels are held in high regard. And even for Catholics the idea may be disconcerting at first sight. God does not normally

impose obligations of celibacy; He leaves people free to choose between the married and the single state. This is not always the case, however, even today. Some people want to marry but cannot find a partner; others marry and their partner deserts them or is stricken with an incurable but not fatal illness which makes normal married life impossible. These must accept the obligations of celibacy willy-nilly. Others, without being subject to strict obligation, may see clearly that they will not find genuine peace and happiness except in the religious life, so that, for them, there is only one reasonable choice. In the same way, a whole society, or the whole world, might eventually be confronted with the choice: either a large proportion of the community should embrace voluntary celibacy or there will be social chaos. In a secular humanist society I do not think that such a choice would be possible, but this is only to repeat what has already been said—that in the natural order there is no ideal solution to the population problem, and probably no actual solution except war, famine and disease. The only real answer is that the whole world should become Christian in the course of the next century or so, and should be prepared to embrace the counsels of the New Testament more generously and universally than heretofore. No doubt this is unlikely, though not impossible, since all things are possible with God.

We can see now why it is so difficult to argue with secularists about population policies and in particular about the morality of contraception. We cannot convince them that it is wrong merely by appealing to the teaching of the Church, whose authority they do not accept. So we normally base our arguments on the natural law: contraception is wrong because it is contrary to our human nature; it involves the deliberate frustration of a natural faculty. However, when we appeal to the concept of human nature we must remember that for Aristotle and for any purely natural system of ethics, the concept of individual natures in general, and of human nature in particular, is intimately linked up with that of the harmony of nature, in the sense already defined. Natural ethics presupposes that the world is the sort of place in which things are so ordered that living according to nature tends to produce natural happiness. When this supposition ceases to be valid, natural ethics becomes incoherent. Even the best disposed secularist may have difficulty in recognising its binding force

under such circumstances. On the Christian view, the disrupted (or rather, never-existent) natural harmony is replaced by a supernatural one, attainable only with God's grace and involving a radical reorientation of one's scale of values in accordance with the spirit of the New Testament, but this is neither possible nor, in general, attractive to the "natural man."

It does not follow, however, that either Christians or non-Christians are justified in neglecting the natural law. Its observance, so far as it is known to the individual, is necessary for both: for the Christian because grace builds upon nature and cannot come to fruition when nature is perverted; for non-Christians because observance of the natural law disposes the soul to correspond with God's grace and thus to fulfil the purpose for which it was created, even when that purpose is not clearly or explicitly known. The end for which man was created is a supernatural one: it has been adequately manifested to us only in the Christian revelation. Where it is unknown or unrecognised, a satisfactory solution of the population problem will not be found. So we must emphasise once again: unless the world becomes Christian it can find no stable happiness; no harmony of man with God, and hence no harmony of man with man. This fact has always been known to Christians: our present anxieties about population are but one facet of a wider truth and may serve to remind us of it in an age when it has perhaps been too much ignored.

ST. JOSEPH CALASANCTIUS

By

A. C. F. BEALES

"PRIMARY EDUCATION," wrote a modern Spanish scholar, "has always existed, in every society of any culture." It is a loose generalisation, but one need not quarrel with it, since it throws into relief the reflection that what has *not* existed, until comparatively modern times, is any attempt to organise primary education upon any large scale. While there can have been few times at which the Church has not had in the forefront of its mind the problem of what, and how the people should be taught—to the extent not only of controlling the schoolmaster's licence but sometimes venturing a universal inspection of schools—it is nevertheless historically true that "popular education," as we understand the phrase today, is very much a post-Tridentine development. For most students of education the landmark pioneers are two: St. Jean Baptiste De La Salle in France, Ernest the Pious in Germany. Both of these were seventeenth-century teachers. So was J. P. Bonet in Spain. What is much less generally known in this country is that they were preceded by the Aragonese, José de Calasanz, who founded the first of the modern "Poor Schools" in 1597, in Rome. Today the two patron saints of teachers are Joseph Calasactius and John Baptist De La Salle.

Since his death in 1648, José de Calasanz has been revered as "a saint enamoured of children." The contemporary tributes and testimonies to his work, set out, for example, in Valentin Caballero's *Orientaciones Pedagógicas*, are massively impressive. In the latest study of him, in the excellent Madrid series *Biblioteca de Autores Cristianos*, a grandiloquent claim is made:

The indisputable fact that Calasanz is the father of the post-Tridentine period of *paedagogia catholica et perennis*, and that all his great successors, such as La Salle and Don Bosco, did but continue

and develop and complete his initiative, should turn into new and juster channels the whole of modern historical writing on education, which hitherto can be said not to have known him.

Or again, more positively:

The documents show that Calasanz had, perhaps as nobody before him, so high a conception of the educator and in particular of the *maestro elemental*, that he came to call it *co-operator veritatis*, that is to say, the co-operation with God in the propagation and diffusion of Truth.

He is, then, as the Calasanzian literature abroad has long insisted, a pioneer in both practice and theory.

It is a genial coincidence that the name of the French saint is the place where the Spanish one was born. For José de Calasanz entered the world in (probably) 1556, the seventh and last child of his parents, in the province of Huesca, at Peralta de la Sál. He lived to the ripe age of ninety-two. Thereby his career fills the entire period of educational history from the death of St. Ignatius Loyola to the fall of the Little Schools of Port Royal.

He came of a family ennobled but (unlike De La Salle's) not rich. They put him to grammar and the humanities at Estadilla. Thus grounded, he went on to the Universities of Lérida and Valencia, and finally to Alcalá de Henares. With his doctorates in law and theology behind him he was ordained in 1583. But the opportunities opened by his academic distinction, by way of service with more than one bishop, he finally renounced by going off to Rome, where the misery and abandonment of the common people so appalled him, and its cause seemed to him to be so overwhelmingly sheer ignorance, that he plunged into the heart of the "Rookery" quarter and opened his first poor school in 1597, in Trastevere, in the parish of Santa Dorotea, to the unbounded joy of Antonio Bundani the parish priest. Within five years he was renting a much larger house in St. Andrew of the Valley, and now, with twelve priests, projected the establishment of a Congregation. Within ten years more he was ministering to twelve hundred scholars, and acquired the Palazzo Torres. Pope Paul V elevated his company of priests to the status of a religious Congregation in 1617. They took the customary vows, and were pledged "to instruct assiduously Christian youth,"

especially the poor, in the useful arts and Catholic doctrine and piety and good habits. José himself was made Superior and given the task of drawing up *Constitutions*. Four years later Gregory XV recognised the "Congregation of the Piarist Schools" as a religious Order, approved the *Constitutions*, and accorded the "Scolopi Fathers" the privileges of Mendicants.

Their spread was rapid: Frascati, Liguria, Genoa, Tuscany, Naples, Sicily, the Cerdagne, Spain, Moravia, Bohemia, Poland. Throughout, the Founder's constant complaint was that "though each one of our establishments becomes ten, we are still too few to sustain them." Nevertheless, ambitions soared. At a time when the initiative of the Jesuits in higher education was prompting more than one Order to think in terms of higher studies and even "classical Colleges," the *Padres Escolapios* themselves were eager to put to the test their Founder's theory of an end-on primary and secondary educational system. In due time, therefore, Clement XII set up a Commission of Cardinals to hear them; and their Eminences resolved that the Piarists, while obliged by their origin and development and *Constitutions* to give primary education to the poor, might none the less receive rich and noble pupils as well, for instruction in "the higher sciences." This hints at the reason whereby (see below) we should not regard the extension of their *clientèle* as any dereliction of their original mission.

In accordance with that enigmatical law by which religious Orders run into trouble soon after their foundation, and then, having weathered it, tend on the whole not to look back (witness the Ursulines and Mary Ward and De La Salle), the Piarists found themselves halted and heavily circumscribed by Innocent X in 1646. Calasanz himself died during this dark period, albeit sustained by high hopes for the future. A decade later the Order was partially rehabilitated, and by 1669 completely restored to its full rights and activities. From thence onwards its career has been steady. At the tercentenary of his death, 1948, St. Joseph Calasanz was declared the patron saint of all *Escuelas Populares Christianas*, by the Brief of Pius XII, *Providentissimus Deus*. "To Calasanz," said the Pope, "can be applied superabundantly the promise of the Psalmist: 'Qui seminant in lacrimis, in exultatione metent.'"

One of the most moving memorials to his life and apostolate

is the painting by Goya which hangs in the church of the Colegio de San Antón in Madrid. It depicts him kneeling amongst his children to receive his last Communion.

On his religious formation there is a rich literature. His early biographers make much of his "struggle with the Devil," and his lifelong devotion to Our Lady and to the Blessed Sacrament. It is improbable that he ever met personally the two great spiritual leaders of his own contemporary Spain, but certainly he loved their writings, and he was well known to the Carmelites in Rome. The serenity of his interior life shows best—as with De La Salle, and St. Vincent de Paul, and Rosmini—in his letters of advice and encouragement to his priests and teachers, amply quoted in the new "B.A.C." (Madrid) study of him.

His strictly educational writings are manifold: pre-eminently parts of the *Constitutions* of 1622; the *Memorial* to Cardinal Tonti; the *Instruction by Teachers*; the *Breve Relazione* on the teaching-method employed in his schools for inculcating "not only letters but a holy fear of God"; and the *Ordines* for divers new schools, as at Narni and Campi. He wrote a classbook on the Mysteries of the Life and Passion of Our Lord, and another on elementary mathematics.

The *fuentes* of his educational thinking have been fairly clearly identified. Whether or not he had read the *De subventionem pauperum*, he owed vast inspiration to Vives, on at least two counts. Vives had advocated a system of progressively graded classes for primary instruction; and just as grading had been developed by the Jesuits in their secondary schools and colleges, so José de Calasanz was to adapt it in his schools for the poor. Vives, too, in his system of *Decuriones*, whereby boys taught other boys, had anticipated the modern "mutual method." It has been looked at askance, as unduly memoristic, but Calasanz was to see in it a ready means of ensuring that most of the boys would be active most of the time, especially when a class could be divided, too, competitively, into Romans and Carthaginians. At a different level, he was influenced also by Canon Miguel Giginta, the contemporary founder of hospitals for the poor in Spain and Portugal; and by Philip II's own physician, Pérez de Herrera, crusader for social health in general, including the poor. Fired by such reformist ideas, it is no wonder that his zeal, the

moment he met the full horror of the "rookeries" of Rome, reached flash-point.

The contribution of the Piarist Movement, historically considered, thus inevitably turns out to be the result of a master-genius impelled by circumstances. It is no doubt always so in educational progress: notably with St. Ignatius and De La Salle; and usually for one severe practical reason—numbers.

St. Joseph Calasanctius was quite clear about his pedagogical aims. "If the child is instructed from his first years in piety and letters," say the *Constitutions*, "it can be hoped, without any doubt, that all his life will be happy." And he was no less clear as to the method.

It will be the duty of our Institute to teach children with the maximum facility, from the first elements, the way to read well, arithmetic, the Latin tongue, and predominantly piety and Christian doctrine. . . . There must be provided masters fitted to teach poor children, so that they may help them quickly to dispose themselves to gain most readily what is necessary for life.

Masters were allotted each to the class he was temperamentally best fitted to teach. The children were examined upon entry, and "collected in those classes and with those masters best suited to them," and examined again at least twice a year, "so that these best able to profit could pass to the higher schools." All this was an innovation. So was the grading of the classes. In each school there were three basic classes, each studying all the three R's; and one or two complementary classes, devoted to derivatives of the three R's—calligraphy, drawing, music, etc. (In the Piarist schools today these derivatives include book-keeping and type-writing.) The grading was progressive: reading, for example, meant in Class I competence in reading with the eye, in Class II reading aloud, in Class III singing. No school was to have more than six classes, and no class was to exceed fifty pupils. At a time when the schools of Europe were still small, when in grammar schools a Form was still a bench, and when separate class-rooms were still but an idea, these classes of fifty were a portent.

Likewise the methods of teaching—which had to be devised to meet the actual circumstances. The methodology became a mixture of what later educational jargon was to call the "simultaneous" (class instruction) and the "mutual" (monitorial). And at

both levels the bias of the teaching was utilitarian; for these teachers were dealing with the very poor, and they had the children for comparatively so little time that they were obliged to develop short-cut practical methods. Those who claim for Calasanz this pioneer role in the means of teaching large classes, however, do not thereby detract from the greatness of De La Salle later; for not only was the Frenchman unaware of the Calasanz practice, and therefore had to devise it independently himself in the parallel conditions of his own pauper problem, but he went further still, by basing all his teachings on the vernacular.

It goes without saying, of course, that these "secular" studies were not the *raison d'être* of the schools. Certainly the knowledge and the skills were imperative; Calasanz had been convinced that the depravity of the Roman populace stemmed from ignorance; but the kernel of the problem was interior and religious. Hence his stress on the living example of his teachers; on the supreme solution—"teaching the children to love virtue"; on strict but positive discipline; on the vital "seminar" groups, of nine boys at a time, taken by the priest-teacher for ethical and personal problems; and on the teaching of Christian doctrine. Hence, too, the attention paid to balance in the daily and weekly life—the watch kept against habits bad for health, the dislike of "keeping-in" (i.e., away from the fresh air), and the obligatory half-holiday each Thursday.

In one direction, arising out of his pragmatic shifts to meet the problem of numbers, his historical position does perhaps need clarifying. He found he would have to train his teachers. How far is he here a pioneer? Now, all the modern pioneers of mass-popular education have had that problem. Nor was Calasanz alone in his own century: for César de Bus had preceded him, and De La Salle followed soon after. In the next century the S.P.C.K. in England chose to solve it by "apprenticing" a young person to an existing schoolmaster—the pupil teacher system in embryo. A century later again, Joseph Lancaster had to invent his own "monitors." What the Piarists did certainly savours of a "Normal School" (training college) element, notably in their work in Hungary and Germany. The Founder himself laid down that novices, after their "letters and sciences," should prepare for teaching, by attending classes as "assistants" of the

masters, and writing essays on teaching-method. Later, as the movement spread, it became necessary to *create* Normal Schools on these lines, with distinguished professors, such as the Hungarians F. Schuer de San Francisco Javier and Constancio Minglis. But in so far as the Scolopi Fathers were priests, and this training was therefore in a "seminarian" context, their priority or initiative still leaves intact the claim of the Christian Brothers that their own Founder, De La Salle, invented the teachers' training college as such.

One great irony in the Calasanz epic, namely that his work was appreciated relatively more outside than inside Spain, is curious indeed. The *siglo de oro* was over; the great years of the Piarist movement were the first years of Spain's decadence. At the same time, by a greater irony still, primary education had not perhaps fared so badly in Spain as in Italy. But, be this as it may, and despite many pleas from inside his mother-country, Calasanz at the time of his death had only one school in Spain, at Guisona. Nor was there another till 1682, at Moyá. Then followed Oliana, Peralta de la Sâl (his own *pueblo*), Balaguer, Barbastro, Daroca, Puigcerdá, Alcañiz, and ultimately (1727) Madrid itself.

Studied as a whole, the educational work and influence of San José de Calasanz is best epitomised in the much abused word *integral*. At the levels of externals and appearances, he was trying to fuse and integrate the contemporary Sunday school and the contemporary day school. The former taught only Catechism, the latter taught only the three R's. For him, the two were parts of a whole, and must be taught together and all the time.

At a different level again, he was far-sighted enough to want actually to integrate the different stages of education. This has already been hinted at above, in the extension of his range of pupils and in his reference to "the higher schools." He was in fact trying to integrate "primary" and "secondary" education. Free elementary education in the three R's would satisfy neither the more promising of the pupils nor the prevailing needs of the age for an educated and purified middle-class. An end-on system of schools, primary and secondary, would be a greater service to God and man than even the heroic work of the Jesuits and their Colleges: for its social base would be broader. In other words, he was conceiving a secondary education existing in its own right,

rooted in primary instruction, but not necessarily preparatory (as elsewhere it was) to the Universities, and equipping its students morally and intellectually for professional life in the nation at large. This is without doubt his most revolutionary contribution, and born out of time. It has a largeness of conception akin more to that of the medieval Ramón Lull, who would have given us in the thirteenth century such things as a universal Ministry of Education and a standardised terminology for the study of everything.

The survival-value of Calasanz's "integral" conception of educational organisation has shown itself only in the last two centuries. The rest of his position in history is much clearer.

He was an early pioneer of pauper education on a totally gratuitous basis. He founded the first teaching Order of priests for elementary instruction; De La Salle's Christian Brothers were laymen, César de Bus's Congregation was mixed, and the Jesuits were grammar school masters. He devised and fused a simultaneous and a mutual method of teaching; and the fact that others later did likewise, by force of like circumstances, diminishes neither his initiative nor their originality. He spread his influence very far afield, as when his disciple Konarski helped to set the shape of public education in Poland. And he was the salvation of the Roman poor.

In his own country, it has been claimed that the Scolopi Fathers, during the chaos of the early nineteenth century, averted the complete disappearance of the Classics from Spanish secondary education. In both Spain and Italy there is a heavy debt to his teachers for their textbooks in classical education at that time—Boncelli, Fischì, Gagliuffi, Scio de San Miguel (who translated the Bible), and the Scolopi edition of Quintilian's *Institutes* (1799). And in our own day he has inspired the *Instituto San José de Calasanz* in Madrid, which functions within the Government's Higher Council for Scientific Research. Above all, he has left us in his writings a body of timeless Christian counsel little known in England because never yet translated.

HISTORIANS IN CONFLICT

By

W. F. REA

IN ONE of the most famous passages of his speech on American taxation, and one which very much concerns the theme of Professor Butterfield's recent book,¹ Edmund Burke prefaced a criticism of the great Earl of Chatham by applying to him lines once used by Lucan of Pompey,

*Clarum et venerabile nomen
Gentibus, et multum nostrae quod proderat urbi.*

It may be surmised that it was in such a spirit that Professor Butterfield undertook this criticism of Sir Lewis Namier. We find him paying just such tributes to him as Burke paid to Chatham. Sir Lewis is, he says, "not merely the product of twentieth century developments, but a creative source within them, himself a pioneer and a stimulus, a tremendous fountain of energies." In him, Professor Butterfield goes on, "the kind of energy which is not merely patient, but which generates high pressure is assisted by a brilliant imagination which does not refuse to take risks." Also, just as Burke was harder on Chatham's followers, who in their respect for the great man, "never presumed on any opinion of their own," so Professor Butterfield is harder on the Namierites than he is on their master.

Nevertheless when all reservations have been made, the book remains a criticism of Sir Lewis, and this in itself is something remarkable; for it is now just short of thirty years since Sir Lewis's *Structure of Politics at the Accession of George III* was first published, and about twenty-seven years since this was followed up by *England in the Age of the American Revolution*, and these two works helped to raise their author to a position among English historians which made him almost immune from

¹ *George III and the Historians*, by Herbert Butterfield (Collins 21s).

criticism. Specialised works on the period have been published in the interval; the last four years alone have seen Sir Richard Pares's Ford Lectures entitled *George III and the Politicians* (1954), Mr. John Brooke's *The Chatham Administration 1766-8* (1955), and Dr. J. B. Owen's *Rise of the Pelhams* (1957), but they uniformly speak with great deference of Sir Lewis whenever they have occasion to mention him, as has also been the custom in articles in the weekly press and elsewhere.

This chorus of grateful appreciation can be accounted for by Sir Lewis's great qualities as an historian and as a teacher, but what is perhaps harder to understand is the often expressed idea that he has brought about a new method in historical technique and wrought a revolution in historical studies. Whereas earlier historians were content to accept memoirs and the evidence of contemporary journalism, of parliamentary speeches and of the reports of ambassadors, Sir Lewis and his followers have, it is said adopted a more sensitive and delicate technique. They have penetrated into the details of local politics, have examined parliamentary division lists, items in secret service expenditure and other branches of government finance, and by patient analysis and organisation of their findings they have built up from within the structure of English political life in the eighteenth century. In doing this they have revealed the shortcomings of purely literary evidence, such as the writings of Burke and the memoirs of Horace Walpole, and have shown us that the reality was rather different from what previous generations had thought, and also rather more trivial and aimless.

All this can be scholarship of a very high order, and within limits it is fruitful and corrects some mistakes made by earlier historians. But the technique is not new, for it has been the foundation of much serious scholarship since Ranke, as early as 1839 in a well-known sentence in the preface to his *German History in the Time of the Reformation* anticipated a future when historians would no longer base their work on memoir writers, unless these had immediate knowledge of what they were describing, and still less on more remote sources, but on genuine and first-hand documents. It is true that Ranke was thinking of narrative history, a form of historical writing which Sir Lewis and his followers perhaps do not rate highly. But it was only a question of time before this careful analysis and correlation of

sources—this *Quellenkritik*—was used to reconstruct the life of a society in a given period. The method clearly lent itself above all to economic and social history, in which classic works based on such research were produced in England and in foreign countries decades before Sir Lewis's investigations appeared. What Sir Lewis did was to transfer a method long familiar in the study of economic history to that of politics. Instead of reconstructing the economic life of a manor, he reconstructs the political life of a borough, but essentially the method remains the same. Lord Acton once referred to Ranke as "the most prompt and fortunate of European pathfinders." Sir Lewis Namier has been one of those who have followed after him, but he has not been the only one, and others had preceded him.

None of this takes from the real greatness of Sir Lewis, his capacious grasp of so much of the vast manuscript evidence of eighteenth century political life and his power of organising his knowledge. More extraordinary still is the ease which he showed in his Raleigh Lecture of 1944 in moving in an entirely different historical world, that of Prussian Poland and of Bohemia in the year 1848, in which his citations from Polish, Czech and even Croat sources, to say nothing of those in French and German, were made with all the appropriateness and assurance which he had shown in citing the eighteenth-century Newcastle MSS. sixteen years before. These powers may well make him a greater historian than he would have been had he been more revolutionary, but they do not entitle him to the term; nor does the novelty of his technique, nor the significance of his interpretation of the reign of George III.

However Professor Butterfield's criticism of Sir Lewis and his followers goes further than this. Their emphasis on the structure of history, he argues, while it makes a contribution to knowledge of permanent value, and one "that is not going to be undermined by differences of opinion or fluctuations in intellectual fashion," can yet give quite a distorted view of an age unless corrected by consideration of those sources used by earlier historians, "contemporary satire, cartoons, propaganda and gossip as well as the reports of foreign diplomats." This more familiar kind of evidence however great the dangers that follow its uncritical use, has its immense value in that it shows what was in men's minds at the time; it reveals contemporary ideas, which have importance in

themselves, even if it could be proved that they had no effect in practice. It is important to know, not only what men are doing, but what they think they are doing.

In this Professor Butterfield puts his finger on what appears to be the most dangerous tendency of the Namier school, its neglect of ideas and of their force, and it is significant that it is the author of *Christianity and History* and *Christianity in European History* that has called attention to the weakness. "Human beings," as he rightly says, "are the carriers of ideas as well as the repositories of vested interests." But ideas have small part in the Namier school's interpretation of history, and ideals perhaps even less; they rather tend to see the affairs of men as guided just by chance and self interest. So they overlook men whose greatness lies in their ideas, and it is significant that in their study of the politics of the early part of George III's reign they depreciate Burke, the greatest English political thinker of the age, or perhaps of any age.

Too much can certainly be made of the force of ideas in history, and too little of the influence of pure chance and selfishness, and about this Professor Butterfield remarks, Sir Lewis "has had wiser things to say than perhaps any historian of our time." But, Professor Butterfield goes on, the reaction against ideas may be taken too far; carried to its conclusion, it takes all the meaning out of history, makes it no more than "a tale told by an idiot," and raises the question why we study history at all.

Certainly the past political structure of a country is part of history, no less than the economic structure, and its description is valuable, if it is recognised for what it is. But the danger is that this incomplete account may be taken as the essential part of history. It is proposed to expand Sir Lewis Namier's *England in the Age of the American Revolution* into a series of volumes produced by his collaborators, and Mr. John Brooke has already produced the first of these, *The Chatham Administration 1766-8*. As Professor Butterfield pertinently says, if the pattern set by these two volumes is continued, the narrative will be nothing more than "the structure of politics" extended in time and turned into a sequence. But, as he goes on to say, this is not a history of the reign of George III.

So the trend which the Namier school has given to historical writing has its dangers, which will be the more pressing if the

present project is ever completed and a definitive history in several volumes of the years 1754-84 is ever published. Moreover there is no reason why the same process should not be applied to other periods of history, turning them into one flat, monotonous desert, never fertilised by an idea.

Professor Butterfield sees the danger further increased by the dominance which the Namier school has won for itself. He goes as far as to describe it as "the most powerfully organised squadron in our historical world at the present time, the disciples relaying the ideas of the master with a closer fidelity than I remember to have been the case with any other branch of historical study since it became a form of scholarship." "It seems to be their habit," he also says, "to recognise no debt to any forerunners and to make acknowledgements only to one another." A well-entrenched, closely knit school of historians under a master of unquestioned eminence may possibly, to quote Professor Butterfield again, "become so formidable an orthodoxy as to check the free play of criticism."

A needed warning has been given, and given in considerate and measured terms, so that Dr. Butterfield's work deserves wide and generous consideration, and not the least by those whom it criticises. Their detailed and massive research will be the more valuable if leavened by consideration for the ideas of the period which they are describing, and by appreciative knowledge of secondary sources. This moreover is a work which perhaps only Dr. Butterfield could have done, since perhaps he alone combines acute and sympathetic perception of the influence of ideas in history with detailed research into eighteenth-century politics. Of this last he gave evidence in 1949 in his *George III, Lord North and the People*, in which he boldly advanced into territory which some had been inclined to think belonged in an especial sense to those whom he is here criticising.

It is no light issue on which Professor Butterfield has chosen to challenge Sir Lewis and his followers. But, if the criticism that by draining history of its ideas they drain it of its meaning is the chief point he makes, it is not the only one. He shows, too, that some of the most well-known conclusions of the new school were anticipated years ago by historians who had not the same opportunity to investigate sources, but who by sure but bold historical imagination reached the same result. Thus he finds H. W. V.

Temperley in the *Cambridge Modern History* in 1909 describing the power of George II, the nature of parliamentary corruption and other points in much the same way as Dr. Owen did in 1957 in his *Rise of the Pelhams*. A reader may differ about details in this interpretation, but he will always be stimulated, and he will have to acknowledge that there are very few points on which Professor Butterfield does not justify his conclusions.

HOME AND AWAY

Towards a Theology of the Road

By

ADRIAN HASTINGS

"HOME is behind, the world ahead"; these words from one of Bilbo Baggins's journey songs in Prof. Tolkien's masterpiece, *The Lord of the Rings*¹ have brought into my mind a trail of thoughts concerning those two poles of earthly life—Home and the World. There is such a continual play of forces deriving from one or the other, and such a straining of man between these rival loyalties, that it deserves our consideration. The great epics are constructed around this central tension, and their old themes remain ever fresh in human imagination and experience. Old dangers and old victories pass, but only to return in a new form with new name—"Then 'twas the Roman, now 'tis I." Always renewed is the threat to the beloved country, the long dark journey and wholly unexpected victory, the Home-coming which, alas, is not for all. Bilbo's own adventure, in the first of Prof. Tolkien's histories of the Third Age, entitled *The Hobbit*, was a happy "There and Back Again," and his journey song could end with the turned refrain "world behind and home ahead," but all do not return like Bilbo or Ulysses to the hearth and all those good things fought for and left behind, doubly dear now after sight of the Beyond. *The Lord of the Rings* tells of adventures far more serious than those of *The Hobbit*, little wonder if they left a deeper mark; Frodo, Bilbo's heir, the Free

¹ Part One, *The Fellowship of the Ring*, p. 87.

World's Ring-Bearer, triumphed indeed on Mount Doom against all expectation, and even returned for a short while to the well-loved Shire. But if his home of Bag End had changed relatively little, Frodo himself had changed too much; he was one of those heroes not destined to enjoy again the old, quiet things, the local heaven he had entered the wild to save. Deeply wounded by the world's contact, sacrificed for the Shire, he must sail away with the Elves to the Western lands.

Journeying has meaning deeper than we may imagine. Its sense is found in contrast to that of the home. All through the ages (writes Fr. Gerald Vann),¹

the home has been both a reality of profound importance in its own right, and at the same time a symbol of profound significance. The walls are the symbol of the family's security from enemies and wild beasts without, and of its own unity within; the window is the symbol of vision, for the family must not be turned in upon itself but must look out upon the greater world, on the garden, the field, and thence to the wider, distant horizons, and in the end to the eternal hills; and the door is the symbol of that adventuring forth into life without which life can never be lived in its fullness, an adventuring which must somehow involve the sacrifice of security. . . .

We do not need to recapture this sense of the home, and of its necessary opposite—the venturing forth from the family circle into the world beyond.

There is always the kind of man intended to enjoy the home values, the milieu of a Trollope or a Jane Austen, the settled order of the *polis*, the little enlightened world centred off from outer turmoil,² and there is the kind of man who, often in spite of himself, must go afar off in search of

. . . the hidden paths that run
Towards the Moon or to the Sun,

the paths of adventure, or souls, or money, or just distant things and a life unusual. "One of these two fates is the best fate for every man. Either to be what I have been, a wanderer with all the bitterness of it, or to stay at home and hear in one's own garden the voice of God." The words are Belloc's,³ a wanderer

¹ *The Water and the Fire*, p. 15.

² The best pictorial representation of this which I have seen is the village in the Japanese film, *The Seven Samurai*.

³ From *The Death of Wandering Peter* in *On Something*.

in spite of all his love for Sussex Downs. Was not his greatest book a journey story? But these two things were closely linked, and it was his love for his native home and the symbol of *King's Land* which gave the roadman all his character and his anguish. It stopped him from being cosmopolitan, just as it is the sense of the world beyond which makes the home-man different from the yokel. The moon, Chesterton thought, was "the largest lamp on Campden Hill"; but could he have appreciated his own moon, had he not known many others? "For every tiny town or place God made the stars especially."¹ It was above all his sense of the Church which saved him from insularity—a sense wonderfully expressed in *Ubi Ecclesia*—but it left him still a home figure, Englishman and Londoner; while it was Belloc's feeling for Sussex, Washington Inn and Pevensey Level and "Chanctonbury, that high hill," which preserved him from uprootedness and cosmopolitanism, but did not affect his primarily Catholic and European character.

Certainly the Christian transformation of human things never levels an old structure, but renews it from cellar to attic, with higher meaning and more enduring value. So our dichotomy must remain, and there will still be two ways and the wrench of the old loves to be experienced and mastered within a pattern of Christian living. It is true that there has been a tendency to shape the whole upon the home design, while what Canon Law knows as the *peregrinus*, and still more the *vagus*, has been an object of suspicion. Spirituality in this field has not been far different from the Law; it is characterised by the novitiate, of all places the most fixed. But one may find a loss here. Our Lord had "nowhere to lay his head," and to sanctify sinners he "suffered beyond the city gate." The call to that beyond, outside the walls of the old-loved city, is an essential part of the Christian life; it explains and it exacts the pilgrim and the missionary, who have gone out from home and left the home values behind them; what a pity that the missionary way can be wholly ignored in such a Christian classic as the *Imitation of Christ*, and that what has passed as missionary spirituality has sometimes been no more than a misplaced copy of the home variety.

We stand in need of a theology—and also a spirituality—of journeying. It is true that Baedeker and modern technology seem

¹ From the dedication to *The Napoleon of Notting Hill*.

to have made a long and uncertain journey of the old sort quite a rare experience. Perhaps Space travel will soon provide a new opening here. But the total time spent on travelling now is not less than before; rather the contrary, and there are a vast number of people, including many priests and lay apostles, who live the greater part of their time away from home, always hurrying to conferences, tours of inspection, or special missions; they are up-rooted, and necessarily suffer in their souls the effect of this external instability.

It is in the monastic and Benedictine tradition that I find the purest form of the home type of Christian living. The vow of *Stabilitas* is characteristic of a whole approach to the art of life. It has been well said that the spirit of the Benedictine community approximates more than that of any other Order to the spirit of the natural family. Here all the natural values of the local community are carried up into a far higher, explicitly God-centred way of life. Belonging to a fixed place is of the essence, and in a way we may say that it is the hermit who is most at the centre of this approach to things. His place is smaller, he is more strictly localised. Unfortunately the hermit idea too has been under a cloud in the Christian West; it has been largely replaced by a purely cenobitical ideal; but it would, I think, be a mistake to believe that the latter is entirely faithful to St. Benedict's own view; the Father of Western monks neither disowned his personal experience at Subiaco nor denied the traditional doctrine of the superiority of the eremitical vocation;¹ perhaps more room may be found for this in the future. Among hermits the most localised was of course the Stylite. With him, one feels, the home sense has been wholly stylised and supernaturalised, but in the varied field of Christian experience he is there to give naked witness to the human and spiritual value of a fixed abode. A more easily appreciable instance of the sanctity of the local and the uneventful might be found in St. Alphonsus Rodriguez . . .

Yet God . . .

Could crowd career with conquest while there went
Those years and years by of world without event
That in Majorca Alfonso watched the door.

¹ See an article entitled *St. Benedict and the Eremitical Life*, *Downside Review*, 1950, pp. 191-211.

If the supernatural at times works according to natural tendencies, at others it demands a complete reversal. The man with the stay-at-home temperament (like Habacuc) is carried off with a missionary vocation to the ends of the earth, while the natural vagabond requires the chastening of a settled monastic discipline. Moreover in an individual context the monastic vocation requires an initial home-separation, and may later through obedience require others. But it does create a new earthly home, and the monastery is the typical milieu for home spirituality, just as the mission is for road spirituality. The missionary vocation involves rejection of the home values. Its point of departure may be found in verse 10 of Psalm 44. "Listen, daughter, see and attend: forget your people and your father's home." Hard command and one not always faithfully followed. All the sad history of that missionary nationalism which has at times so grievously affected our apostolic work comes from failure to understand this first of laws: "Forget your people and your father's home." The missionary must be someone who goes out not only physically but also culturally and psychologically from the homeland; a new Abraham. "Leave thy country and thy land and thy neighbour in the flesh and thine own fatherland for my sake and get thee into the country that I will show thee." In his *Life of St. Columcille* a Middle-Irish writer commented on this verse thus: "Now the good action which God enjoined upon the father of the faithful, that is, on Abraham, is a duty for his sons after him, that is on all the faithful, to fulfil: to leave their soil and their land, their wealth and their worldly joy for the sake of the Lord of the elements and to go into perfect exile in imitation of him."¹ "The folk of perfect pilgrimage" were particularly numerous in the Ireland of the first Christian centuries. Wandering is an Irish trait both natural and supernatural, but it is linked with the dearest love for the land left behind. We can learn much of the spirit of the missionary from the Christian Irish of the early days, of those who set off on the *Peregrinatio pro Christo*. For them, and equally for the early English Christians, the missionary pilgrimage entered right into the marrow of life in Christ; there was a duty both to carry the faith to others, and to separate oneself from the dearest of things, the homeland. They were caught up in the *Consuetudo peregrinandi*, and the greatest of them—a Columbanus or a

¹ Quoted by Robin Flower, *The Irish Tradition*, p. 20.

Boniface—evangelised the whole of Europe, but while making of Europe a home for the faith they found never a home for themselves; they had embraced the enduring martyrdom of exile.

The life of such men was inevitably different from that of the well-ordered monastery or pious establishment, although they left a whole chain of such institutions behind them. This life of road and ship has a long line of characteristic heroes: Francis Xavier, tossing in the heat of the Eastern seas, alone with a pagan crew on the route to Japan; Benedict Joseph Labre, the pure wanderer whose peregrinations were unlinked with apostolate; Francis of Assisi, who belongs so completely to the pilgrim side of Christian life that it is strange to find that the Franciscan convent has become the most rooted of elements in an Italian countryside. St. Francis and his early followers were among those who have chosen the world rather than the home. Two lovely incidents may be taken to illustrate this side of early Franciscanism. One is the story in Giovanni Parenti's *Sacrum Commercium* of how Lady Poverty was entertained by the brethren. After a meal and a sleep on the bare ground, she "rose up after a short space and asked them to show her their monastery. And they brought her to a certain hill and, showing her all the world that might be seen from there, they said: 'This is our monastery, Lady!'" The other story is that of the conversation, recorded in the *Fioretti*, between St. Francis and Brother Leo on the road from Perugia to St. Mary of the Angels. It is found in Chapter VIII and entitled "How, as St. Francis and Brother Leo were going by the way, he set forth unto him what things were perfect joy."

Brother Leo with much marvel besought him, saying: "Father, I pray thee in the name of God that thou tell me, wherein is perfect joy." And St. Francis thus made answer: "When we come to St. Mary of the Angels, all soaked as we are with rain and numbed with cold and besmirched with mud and tormented with hunger, and knock at the door of the house; and the porter comes in anger and says: 'Who are ye?' and we say: 'We be two of your brethren': and he says, 'Ye be no true men; nay, ye be two rogues that gad about deceiving the world and robbing the alms of the poor; get ye gone': and thereat he shuts to the door and makes us stand without in the snow and the rain, cold and a-hungered, till night-fall; if therewithal we patiently endure such wrong and such cruelty and such rebuffs without being disquieted and without murmuring

against him; and with humbleness and charity bethink us that this porter knows us full well and that God makes him to speak against us; O brother Leo, write that herein is perfect joy. And if we be instant in knocking and he come out full of wrath and drive us away as importunate knaves, with insults and buffetings, saying: 'Get ye gone hence, vilest of thieves, begone to the alms-house, for here ye shall find nor food nor lodging'; if we suffer this with patience and with gladness and with love, O brother Leo, write that herein is perfect joy."

This is a peak of missionary spirituality; but if we do not contemplate the peaks, will we ever ascend even the lower slopes? The road pointed out by St. Francis was nothing new, and for the classical description of missionary life we must return to St. Paul.

I have toiled harder, spent longer days in prison, been beaten so cruelly, so often looked death in the face. Five times the Jews scourged me, and spared me but one lash in the forty; three times I was beaten with rods, once I was stoned; I have been shipwrecked three times, I have spent a night and a day as a castaway at sea. What journeys I have undertaken, in danger from rivers, in danger from robbers, in danger from my own people, in danger from the Gentiles; danger in cities, danger in the wilderness, danger in the sea, danger among false brethren! I have met with toil and weariness, so often been sleepless, hungry and thirsty; so often denied myself food, gone cold and naked. And all this, over and above something else which I do not count; I mean the burden I carry every day, my anxious care for all the churches.

St. Paul was in all this no more than faithful to the steps of the Master: "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air their resting-places; the Son of Man has nowhere to lay his head."

In the life of the road and the ship prayer is quite as necessary as in a monastery, but it is easy to see that it will need to follow a pattern of its own. Tiredness and a multiplicity of preoccupations can make formal meditation quite ineffective. Often no more than the repetition of ejaculations may be possible, but this can well lead straight to the prayer of quiet. Such prayer, linked with weariness, great gaiety and the zeal of an "anxious care for all the churches" are chief among the characteristics of missionary spirituality.

Is all this fantastically unreal, ideas of a dream-world far removed from the modern efficiency of R.A.P.T.I.M. and the A.P.F? Some may think so, but they should remember that I wish

to suggest the pattern of a type of life, and this at its noblest and most meaningful, not to describe the details of a missionary's day in 1958. Yet there are not a few missionaries who could truthfully apply II Corinthians 11 to their own experiences in the last years with but little alteration. But it is certainly true that for the most part the missionary in every age must not be a continual wanderer, rather someone who having gone into exile from his own land enters a strange society and genuinely makes it his own in order to convert it. Matthew Ricci went far indeed, but on arrival in Peking his wanderings ended and he set about becoming Chinese. In this way the missionary would seem to re-enter the home-centred life. And, of course, in part he does. Home and the World are inextricably bound together in everyman's life. Yet "how is it possible that a man should be born when he is already old?" Human nature is an unmalleable thing and *caelum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt*, or, as Ptolemy remarked, "A man who has gone into a different climate changes his nature in part. But he cannot change altogether, for in his life's beginning the destiny of his body was determined."¹ With a vast and most necessary effort the missionary can partially comprehend and adapt himself and enter in, but even if he have the genius of a Ricci, he cannot cease deep down to be what he was, and therefore he must remain pilgrim and exile. Especially is this true because, however long his stay in any one place be in fact prolonged, the aim of a missionary's work must always be to make himself redundant, free to set out elsewhere, to take again to the road.

Road and the home, *Via* and *Patria*, these indicate then two poles of human and Christian experience. At the deepest level all human life on earth must be seen as *via*, the road upwards to the heaven which alone is *patria*; and when one is journeying there are two great mistakes that one can make; one is to settle down in a way-side inn before arriving at the true destination, to be satisfied with a half-way house. This is the great temptation of the monastic and settled form of religious life. The other mistake is to forget that journeys are only made for destinations, that activity can have no value apart from contemplation and possession, and that we can cross all the seas and remain without charity. This is the temptation of the missionary life, and is

¹ Quoted by Flower, *op. cit.*, p. 39.

illustrated in another form by the Modernist bishop to be met in Mr. C. S. Lewis's fantasy *The Great Divorce*, whose motto was that "to travel hopefully is better than to arrive"; we wander because the world is unsatisfactory, the danger is to grow satisfied with our wanderings.

We have seen that the missionary life does not exclude something of a home-finding, nor does the monastic life exclude the martyrdom of exile or the necessity of travel. So many of the great missionaries of the past were in fact Benedictines, abandoning their cloistered stability for the salvation of souls. The two lives may be combined, and often the greatest wanderers, men like that dear Englishman of the twelfth century, St. Godric of Finchale, make the best hermits.

But in the last resort integration must come at a deeper level, in that very ordering of life between earth and heaven of which I have already spoken. But here still two approaches are possible, corresponding to the two mistakes. One prepares for heaven by forming on earth some transitory image of what is to come, the Jerusalem which is on high. Earthly life is then seen as a beginning of paradise, a *quaedam inchoatio* of what in its fullness can only be entered into beyond the river of death; the earthly family, whether natural, parochial or monastic, prepares one for the family life of the Most Blessed Trinity. The missionary approach is different, obviating the dangers of attachment to an earthly society which from being an image can become so easily a substitute. The pilgrim sees the earth sternly as *via*, something to be passed through, never a place to pitch tents or settle down while the Jordan is still to cross. Frightened of losing courage for the journey through too long a halt in the warm hearth light of any temporal home, the missionary must hurry on along the old road with his eyes on the distant light ahead: *Per tuas semitas duc nos quo tendimus ad lucem quam inhabitas*. The dark roads, the roads which only God knows, the unexpected turnings of the unfamiliar scene, the constant weariness: this is the lot, not only of the missionary, but of every man in the earthly exodus.

The Road goes ever on and on
Down from the door where it began.
Now far ahead the Road has gone,
And I must follow, if I can,
Pursuing it with eager feet, . . .

Just another of Bilbo's songs to encourage us on our way.¹

It is true that every individual Christian life draws its justification and its meaning from its power to express some facet of the whole reality of life in Christ, because no single creature can image all. It is the special missionary function to symbolise and show forth the viatory character of everyone's religion, as it is for another man to manifest the consecration of work, and another to bear the better part of Mary. "Lead kindly light," the pilgrim prays, "amid the encircling gloom, lead thou me on; the night is dark, and I am far from home, lead thou me on." But Jordan will be crossed, and when the gospel has been preached to every creature and the Son of Man returns, pray God that, all journeys over the home-haven reached, "we may merrily meet in Heaven."

SUMMER MORNING

An Easter Meditation

By

GEORGE SCOTT-MONCRIEFF

THE SYMBOL OF HAPPINESS as I see it is a summer morning, with me a child. I have woken up and the sun comes into the room. There is no difficulty, no weariness or sore bones to hold me from answering its summons. I hardly know whether I am still in bed or whether I am already outside, with the sunshine bright on the trees and the grass, and the sky blue and peaceful above my head.

That memory, at once clear and nebulous so that it is timeless, recalls a happiness much surer than the tense happiness of possession. It is true, new things when one was a child, far more than when one is old, brought happiness. But it was a tainted, dependent happiness: for one was a little jealous of the possession, afraid lest it be lost, half aware, even, that it must eventually stale

¹ *The Fellowship of the Ring*, p. 44.

and pall. With the summer morning one possessed nothing. It was there, without claim, it seemed an infinity to receive one. It did not belong to one. One could not lock it up, put it away to keep for another day: it was an everlasting now that spilled itself about one, ubiquitous. Yesterday had ceased to exist and tomorrow never was.

It is the forethoughts and the afterthoughts that mar our days. Memories are possessions, as are aspirations and ambitions. We need them as we need shoes on our feet and a roof over our heads. But too easily we cling tight to them in a way that we might be ashamed to cling to petty possessions, old shoes, a particular roof over our head. Clinging to them makes us only too conscious of inevitable loss. It is quite easy for us to live entirely in past and present, so that we are never aware of the summer morning about us. Care and preoccupation fill our days, and the day itself is lost.

Always to live in anticipation is never to find life new and fresh. Things never are quite what we anticipated. They may be much better, but if we come to them with a picture of what they might be, we come to them with a prejudice that destroys our joy. The future can never precisely fill the picture we have formed of it in our minds. We are concerned about the difference, convinced that it is a shortcoming. Indeed, we become so afraid of disappointment we often make the most of our anticipations, live in a dream of things that can never be, preferring the dream to the reality. But that is a dreadful thing to do, to prefer shadows to reality, for our enjoyment of shadows can only be a shadow of real joy. Of course we are aware of that, but we become cowards of disappointment, and hap ourselves in shadows that we think we can manipulate better than reality.

Shadows can gain a life of their own. We may no longer retain control of them. The phantoms become sinister, intractable. Sometimes madness is largely a man's own fault: sprung first from his cowardice, fostered in a dream world that he had cherished and stimulated himself. Generally, of course, the process does not go so far. Most commonly we merely cushion ourselves with our imagination, content in our timidity to lose forever the immediacy of the summer morning of our childhood.

Happiness is a duty. It is a great mistake to see it as anything else. Seen as an end in itself we all know how elusive it becomes.

The fact that its attainment is extremely pleasant does not make it any less urgent a duty: only a wretched puritan could suppose that duty is better for being unpleasant. If it is a means towards the end that is God, it must be our duty to be happy. God loves a cheerful giver, a happy man. In all true happiness there is much charity: for selfishness, possessiveness, are the great enemies of happiness, always its dissolution. So there is in happiness much of what "covereth a multitude of sins." Hence so often the man or woman who is happy seems to us a better person than others more correct in their conduct but without the grace of happiness. Of course happiness does not survive unchanging evil. No man can proceed recklessly, trusting to happiness alone to see him through this world: happiness itself joins in demanding the sacrifices that God asks of those who wish to possess him, the very source and nature of happiness.

Sometimes we experience it again, the summer morning of childhood. Perhaps it is not summer: neither the weather nor our bodies share its warmth and freedom. Perhaps very little of the simple material well-being of that original summer is left to us. Certainly such worldly form and expression that our habitual hopes may then have known are ours no longer. Yet the essence is the same. For the whole secret of the summer morning was that it was unbounded. It depended upon no idea or finite possession: it looked past all known, sensory objects, beyond to what it could not see, yet knew as the only source of happiness. Many clouds have come between us and that vision. We have looked elsewhere for our happiness. We have created ghosts and knick-knacks, and substituted them for the vision—and cried out when the sight of them became horrible. But always we have known that once we saw clearly. Then comes a time of vast dispossession, and for a moment we see again the summer morning that lies beyond the horizon of ourself.

MGR. KNOX'S CONVERSION

By
EDWARD CHARLES RICH

MGR. KNOX has given us in his own inimitable way in *A Spiritual Aeneid* the story of his journey from Evangelicalism through extreme Anglo-Papalism to the Catholic and Roman Church. It is doubtful whether there are many now living who can recall those far-off days before the outbreak of the 1914 war in which Ronald Knox was the Rupert of theological warfare in the Church of England. It was a period in which the very foundations of the Christian Revelation seemed to be shaken by the onslaughts of Modernism and unbridled liberalism. Anglo-Catholics themselves had moved out from a defensive position; and under Knox's brilliant leadership they dared to claim for themselves the fullness of Catholic faith and practice without submission to the Papacy. Both extremes made Anglican fellowship impossible. But for the outbreak of war and the cessation of acute controversy, it is possible that the Church of England would have headed for internal disruption as the Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Gore, was constantly warning Anglicans. There were mighty protagonists on both sides in those days. They waged a pamphlet warfare which began with the doughty Bishop of Zanzibar's *Open Letter to the Bishop of St. Albans*. In this Letter the Bishop raised the whole question "What does *Ecclesia Anglicana* stand for?" Recent events such as the publication of *Foundations* and an open communion service in Kikuyu in East Africa, were the immediate occasion of the Bishop's challenge.

Knox entered the fray with a series of brilliant contributions. In reply to the theological liberalism of *Foundations* he wrote *Absolute and Abitoshell*, "a poem in the manner of Dryden . . . a description . . . of the lines on which the book itself was written and the parts played by the various contributors." In more serious vein was his book *Some Loose Stones*. The importance of this

book lies in the criticism of the doctrine of authority which underlay the whole series of essays in *Foundations*. But in particular it was directed against the views of Dr. Rawlinson, now the Anglican Bishop of Derby, who had written the essay on Authority. Knox attacked Rawlinson's doctrine of the *consensus fidelium*, that the *auctoritas* of the Christian Revelation consisted in the "collective witness" of Christendom. As Knox pointed out, "'Authority' must mean more than the results of a scientific induction; it must be something *sui generis*, with a corresponding faculty (of faith), equally *sui generis*, to apprehend its deliveries." But Knox confesses in his *Spiritual Aeneid* that nowhere does he pay heed to the fundamental question of the source of authority and its means of expression. He wrote his book as an Anglo-Catholic appealing to the Anglican formularies themselves. Its argument was purely *ad hominem*.

At the same time that he was writing this book, Knox preached a series of sermons on "The Church of England, Past, Present, and Future." These were published by the Anglo-Catholic Society of SS. Peter and Paul under the title *Naboth's Vineyard in Pawn*. It was to prove to be Knox's final attempt to find a "platform" for his Catholic beliefs and practices in the Church of England. But it was to take another four years before he was to find final satisfaction for his beliefs in submission to the Catholic Church. In relating the story of his spiritual pilgrimage he draws attention

to a single lacuna in the argument, because it becomes of importance later. In the second of my sermons [he writes] I quite definitely said that if the Church of England could not get *within the next fifty years* an authority which, speaking with divine assurance, could put an end to the activities of "Modernism," it would become an impossible place for people of my own school. Now, I certainly did not mean merely an efficient administration which *de facto* would be able to combat heresy; I meant a centre of authority which could *de jure* pronounce upon errors and condemn them. How on earth [he asks] did I expect such a *de jure* authority to be spontaneously generated by a Church which has not got it already?

This was the question that continued to haunt him for the rest of his Anglican days. Two years later he re-read his tract in the same room in Plymouth where he had composed it. By that time his unsettlement and acute depression had destroyed his confidence in his position. His friends were urgent that he should

not renounce his old position without at least finding some definite fault in it. He confesses that with the best will in the world he failed to find a strictly logical flaw in it. "But, somehow, the whole attitude seemed unreal. It was not that there was anything wrong with the book, there was simply nothing right; it was like an ingenious mathematical proof deduced from unreal premisses."

Just about this time Knox met Fr. Martindale while staying with Lord Halifax. He told Fr. Martindale that he "had lost . . . the unquestioning consciousness of doing God's Will by remaining an Anglican . . . that it was extremely painful . . . to participate in Anglican Sacraments." Knox asked whether such being his state of mind it would be right or a duty "to shut my eyes and take a plunge." The answer he received was the last thing he expected: "Of course, you couldn't be received like that."

For the next unhappy two years Ronald Knox was in great darkness, groping and seeking for a positive faith. He lost all confidence in himself and in his own intellectual capacity to settle the ultimate problem of belief finally and with complete satisfaction. He

had no new light, no sudden revelation. All these considerations I have been recounting had been, for several years, familiar to me as the back of my hand. And all this time I had not drawn a Roman Catholic conclusion from them: how was it that I had altered? If I was wrong then, how could I be certain I was not wrong now? If I was right now, how could I be certain I was not right then? . . . I saw the same set of facts, and my intellect made an entirely different report of them.

When the answer did at long last come, it was the sheer gift of faith that gave him certainty and assurance of belief. If it were merely a question that could be determined by the intellect weighing the pros and cons, sifting evidence, searching into the history of the past or probing into the theology of the Church, the answer or conclusion would still be a purely rational deduction. On that level the final upshot would still be a matter of human opinion and enlightened human judgment. But when Divine grace takes possession of the whole man and the mind is illuminated by the Holy Spirit, the will is directed into the paths of true Wisdom. A man is then converted. So Ronald Knox with a host of many others proved for himself when he made his

submission in 1917. And for forty years after taking that step he never had a moment's doubt that his feet were planted on the Rock of Eternal Truth.

REVIEWS

'THE POTTING SHED' EXORCISED

The Potting Shed, by Graham Greene (Heinemann 8s 6d).

THIS version of the play with the last act as originally written, and not that published in 1957 by the Viking Press, is the definitive one. *The Potting Shed* is now everywhere known; yet for some readers there may still be some black and filmy ghosts flapping bat-like wings around their minds, requiring to be exorcised. I have not asked the author if he would approve my formula.

The aged Henry Callifer had been a dogmatic atheist and had trained his wife and his sons John and James to be so too. His brother William had, however, become a convert and a priest, and had begun to teach the Catholic Faith to his nephew James, still a young boy. William's conversion is unexplained but fully credible: in the later nineteenth century most families contained one such eccentric. But when and how he obtained so powerful an influence over the boy, we are not told. Henry, however, who specialised in emptying the vast universe of its Christian God, and in replacing the myth of eternal life by "the truth of Eternal Death" (as his disciple Dr. Baston was to write), so shattered the boy's faith that he went to a potting shed and hanged himself. A gardener found him and cut him down, but he was dead. William came too, and, so passionately did he love him, that he asked God to take from him all that was dearest if but the boy might live. The miracle was worked, and the boy did live. But what a miracle! All those first fourteen years were completely blotted from his memory and his family conspired to keep the potting-shed episode a secret. He knows there is something wrong with him; he has no personal interests; he marries, but cannot love: his wife, though she loves him, cannot bear his constant staring, as it were, at nothing (were this a Wagnerian opera, *Nothing* would have a motif of its own) and divorces him. He comes home and implores his mother to explain him to himself, but she will not, nor let him see and perhaps distress his dying father. All he carries away from this visit is his unconquerable horror of the potting shed. He tries psychiatry; useless. He thinks again of suicide but easily surrenders what he thought to be poison. He is not just a zombie, a shell of a man; something in him still wishes to live, and "more abundantly." As for the priest, he has collapsed;

he performs his routine parochial duties, but feels that all has indeed been taken from him; he can believe in Nothing and takes to drink. How *could* this befall two men to whom such a miracle had been granted?

I surmise that William's offering had been heroic but still imperfect, and so, had but a partial effect upon the boy. A boy of fourteen can indeed be granted the vision of heavenly loveliness; but nothing in him is "set"; a brilliant mockery can seem to puff what had seemed solid into smoke: he does not run *to* an evil thing, but away from a world that all have joined to make intolerably meaningless. The divine pity willed to bring him back; divine patience was ready to wait long for a perfect cure. If James was like a man recovering from an anaesthetic, he did not endure the ultimate misery of not knowing *who* he was, a no one, and nowhere. As for the priest, his love for James had been absolute; unconsciously, he had wanted him back for himself. He thought he could sacrifice even his faith so to recover him. But God will not and cannot retract His gift of faith because of a mere mistake. William *felt* as if he had lost his faith, as, in the darkest of their dark nights, some saints have, while obscurely knowing that they had not, and living on that submerged reality. In various ways, Othloh of Ratisbon who died about 1080; St Catherine of Siena; St. Mary Magdalen de' Pazzi; St. Jeanne de Chantal. William lacked the total self-abnegation and transcendent courage of these, thought that God was really gone, ran away (though more culpably than James) from that vacuum. James did *not* see, in William's room "the mark of His footsteps going away." God did not go; He was just outside a door still ajar. When the light of a haggard dawn re-entered the priest's soul, he sighed: "I thought I had lost Him for ever." But you do not lose what you really thought was Nothing; and James "leaves him praying." The thread of selfishness in William's self-offering differentiates it from St. Paul's passionate cry that he could wish to be "anathema from Christ" for the sake of his unbelieving brethren, or the prayer of Moses that he might be "blotted out" from God's book if He would not forgive the sinful People (Romans 9: 3; Exodus 32: 32). This (we surmise) prevents James becoming more than half alive.

Besides these two men, who supremely matter, are the other brother, John, of no great importance: Kreutzer, the psychiatrist, content with a "relative" truth, ready to accept that an illusion may heal; the *only* obstinate atheist, Dr. Baston, shocked to the marrow when Mrs. Callifer reveals that her dead husband was a fraud in that he *believed* in the miracle. He never wrote a word since then, but she had spent her life protecting him and his reputation as a leader of modern unbelief. That is why she would not allow the son to meet his father. She herself acknowledges that his leadership had ended long ago, and

that her own "certainties" (like all those of that generation) were shaken. She had tried, unavailingly, to fill her own vacuum with Henry—whose ashes, instead of being thrown into a stream (once pure, but now polluted by a dye-works) were upset by a frisky dog on to the grass. There are, too, Sara, James's wife, who does not influence him, but whose undefeated love enables him to return to a truer marriage with her than before, and a home; and Miss Connolly, the priest's housekeeper, whose hardness acts as armour for the deep devotion which, for years, has saved him from complete catastrophe; and Mrs. Potter, widow of the gardener, who tells James the externals of what happened to him in the potting shed and thus sends him to his uncle and the revelation of the total truth: this role is short but perfectly written. What amazes me is how imperceptive the Press has been about the personality of John's thirteen-year-old daughter Anne on whose behaviour the whole play really hinges. This independent-minded child—who yet never is *not* a child—is responsible for James's return home to see his dying father, and later, for his mother and Mrs. Potter's encountering him, which led inevitably to the meeting of James and William and the beginning of their spiritual rescue. We are just about to laugh at her aplomb, when her *naïveté* softens the laughter down into grateful smiles. I will not risk unravelling the allegory of the "secret dog," who upset the ashes and afterwards ran away: but it is Anne, who began by being as frightened of the potting shed as James was, who has the last word. It is Anne of whom Kreutzer says that he is "afraid" that she is one of the courageous ones who hope to find the truth. She had been dreaming that she was on her way to the shed "and there was a lion there fast asleep." Kreutzer: "What did you do?" Anne: "I woke it up." Mrs. Callifer: "Did it eat you?" Anne: "No, it only licked my hand."

Mr. Greene has never done anything better than this. So careful is his use of every word, that not one should be allowed to escape our notice. The play should be read at least three times.

C. C. MARTINDALE

A DISQUIETED AMERICAN

The Education of an American, by Alan Valentine (John Calder 25s).

I BEGAN *The Education of an American* with a strong prejudice against a title which invites comparison with that masterpiece of autobiography, *The Education of Henry Adams*, but my prejudices evaporated as I read, for this book is not only an illuminating study of the reactions of a gifted American to his own country and to Europe

but it also provides its own justification for its audacious title. Both Henry Adams and "Angus," a thin disguise for the author Dr. Alan Valentine, though separated by half a century, are disillusioned critics of the American way of life. Both of them, Adams strongly, Angus faintly, were conscious of the spell of Catholicism and both were inhibited by ancestral and environmental taboos from crossing the frontier which divides academic interest from the practice of institutional religion. Adams's background was Unitarian, Angus's Quaker. Both of them felt the spell of ancient civilisations and both could evoke by felicitous phrases the legacy of a loveliness which our age can at best preserve but never rival. Here is Angus's description of Paestum at dawn:—

Against the orange disk just appearing above the rugged line of black mountains to the east, the tops of even temple columns showed, first dark and then rosy pink as the sky turned from black to deep violet to mauve to blue. Some aromatic plant gave flavour to the still cold air, and he could hear cowbells in the distance and the first calls of birds near by. The rest was silence; the temple rose from the flat pasture as the sun moved down its columns. Over it to the north a pale wisp trailed from the cone of Vesuvius. If Angus had known a Greek invocation he would probably have repeated it.

An ineptitude such as "the immaculate white of the Matterhorn" may be forgiven to a man who can write as well as this.

Angus entered Balliol as a Rhodes scholar, played Rugby for Oxford and was elected to the exclusive Balliol society, the Annandale. Angus loved Oxford in particular and Europe in general, and for this very reason his sturdy Americanism strives to maintain the balance of *odi et amo*. He admits that "The English sports tradition was in many ways superior to the American; it was on the whole the higher education but it was not above its compromises in the pinches," and he claims to have met more foul play in his first Varsity Rugger match than in four years of American football. It may be so, but I can only say that whereas I began my long career as an active organiser of international ski-ing convinced that the British belief in the superiority of our sporting code was exaggerated, I have no such doubts today. On the other hand I am inclined to accept Angus's view that Europeans exaggerate the contrast between European and American culture. "The contrast is not between continents, but between the traditions and values of an *élite* and materialist mass. The common man now rules the culture of England almost as firmly as he determines the values of America, and there is little difference between the two."

Angus returns to America, becomes a college President of the University of Rochester, which *pace* the English publisher's blurb, is

not identical with Stanford University. His academic experiences are the subject of a brilliant chapter on "The Academic Mind." He left the University for an important Government appointment during the war.

America is committed to the kind of popular sovereignty in which the people determine the nation's cultural and ethical standards as well as its politics. The dominant attitude is that what pleases the majority must be good, that the judgments of fifty million purchasers cannot be wrong, whether in politics, music, literature or manners. There is no evidence that America is successfully developing the democratic *aristoi* advocated by Thomas Jefferson, that great champion of the common man, or that the majority of Americans really desire it; many of them condemn the idea as undemocratic. They confuse democracy with egalitarianism, which can lead only to cultural anarchy.

No less valuable is the chapter on the Oriental mind based partly on his experiences when attending, as one of six University presidents, a congress in Delhi.

The saddest chapter in the book deals with the tragic failure of America to understand the problem of Indonesia. The Indonesian Republic leaders are alleged to have been notorious collaborators with the Japanese and to have begun their revolution with Japanese guns. The concern of the State Department for Indonesian freedom was "as sudden as it was vehement." The subject had never been mentioned until 1948 by Roosevelt or Truman. The members of the Senate and House Committees before whom Angus appeared were very ill-informed. The questions even of those who ought to have been informed revealed that they did not even know the names of the chief islands.

The price paid was heavy, and America in return has got nothing, not even the real friendship of the Indonesians. The goodwill of other Asians was "neither achieved nor even forwarded by the gesture to Indonesia."

And so we come to the author's conclusion.

The substitution of faith in man and his implements for faith in divine origin and omniscience has not speeded progress towards the ultimate goals of man. . . . As the twentieth century magnifies the dynamo and exalts it over the Virgin, it sows the seeds of its own disunity.

As a diagnosis of the defects of secular democracy this book is illuminating and prophetic, and every Catholic who reads the final

chapters will hope that the education of this gifted American has not been arrested at that threshold where far too many who have seen the truth from afar hesitate and draw back.

ARNOLD LUNN

NOTEBOOKS OF COLERIDGE

The Notebooks of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, edited by Kathleen Coburn, Vol. 1, in 2 parts (Routledge 75s).

The Tenth Muse, by Herbert Read (Routledge 25s).

EIGHTEEN YEARS after Hazlitt remarked that Coleridge had done "little or nothing to justify to the world or to posterity" the high opinion of him his contemporaries held, John Stuart Mill was ranking him with Bentham in 1838 as one of the "two great seminal minds of England in their age." It is Mill's judgment which time has confirmed, and twentieth-century scholarship has placed him, perhaps with John Henry Newman, as the most suggestive figure of the century gone by. The thought of both these men offer us mines of possibility, many veins of which remain to be worked.

Through the devoted labours of Kathleen Coburn of Toronto University, the *Notebooks* of Coleridge are now appearing for the first time in the fullness of their original text. Hitherto, they have only been available in extract form, the two most important selections being *Anima Poetae* edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge in 1895 and the series of jottings included by Stephen Potter in his *Nonesuch Coleridge* (1933). Rich as these rare cullings were, they numbered only a fractional part of the great critic's accumulated entries, and Miss Coburn's opening of the entire text to the general reader is an occasion for anticipation, excitement, and triumph. The work is to be completed in five or six double volumes (Text in part one, Notes in part two); and the present volume which contains 1,842 entries, arranged in chronological order, covers the period 1794-1804.

Coleridge began keeping his Notebooks (if his higgledy-piggledy random observance warrants one's use of the verb to preserve) in 1794, at the age of twenty-two. These entries, maintained till his death in 1834, sprawled over, and re-worked through, sixty notebooks; and Miss Coburn's work in rectifying the text must have been as teasing as trying to track the prints of two pair of feet on a day of mist and snow in Hampton Court Maze. That she has so astonishingly succeeded is a credit to her and her University, who generously supported and encouraged her quest. (We take it, of course, for granted now that if research on an English author is crying out to be done or begun, then

assistance cannot be looked for in this island.) But beyond the clear marking-out of Coleridge's mental track, Miss Coburn has offered us a supernumerary achievement so vast that her name must be associated with it for ever. This is a work of verification contained in the Notes to the Text which fill in, with painstaking strokes, the reference and background to the *Notebook* entries. Miss Coburn's scholarly "overweight" provides us with a bonus of information as choice as it was unexpected. Here, in condensed form, is Coleridge's biography, as it applies to his outward life and the happier and freer existence of his mind. Those who take the trail of this poet and critic will henceforth find the most helpful land-marks established in a country previously bedevilled with a scribble of criss-cross paths.

In mental activity and interests, Coleridge was possibly the most multivarious of all men. (Beside his mind, the mind of Goethe, for all its inquiringness, is like a formal eighteenth-century garden contrasted with a virgin forest.) The present volume illustrates this curious plurality in unique measure. The diverse plenitude of observation, memoir, reflection, and memoranda has, most likely, never been equalled before by any single journal-writer. Into the glorified scrap-bag of the *Notebooks* went a miscellany of incongruous subjects: cooking recipes, medicinal prescriptions, thoughts on contemplating the author's urine, ethical cogitations, topographical descriptions, notes for sermons, annotations to the books he was reading, travel sketches, lists of foreign words, and the sad observations on his heart laid bare.

The editorial presentation of the *Notebooks* of Coleridge is as deeply satisfying as the same publisher's edition of Simone Weil's *Notebooks*, two years back, was a cause for critical annoyance. If only Miss Coburn had permitted herself, beyond the hard industry of index and notes, a sort of broad chronological sketch of Coleridge's developing, and recurring, themes. But what we possess is high carat gold.

Sir Herbert Read has long declared himself something of a near disciple of this critic; and *The Tenth Muse* (criticism's tutelary genie) is informed with many Coleridgean notes. Two essays, particularly, develop points of view which we encounter in the *Biographia Literaria*. The first of these, on *The Romantic Revolution*, argues the case for art as formative activity, a creative marriage where form and content become as one aesthetic flesh. The second, on *The Image in Modern English Poetry*, regards Romantic poetry as the imaginative expression of the philosophy of immanence, to the present decline of which Sir Herbert attributes the death of vision in modern verse.

The Tenth Muse contains forty essays, those on Wordsworth, Jung, and Goethe being of especial interest.

DEREK STANFORD

LOURDES AND BERNADETTE

Our Lady of Lourdes, by Mgr. Joseph Deery (Browne and Nolan 18s).
This Place called Lourdes, by Sister Maureen Flynn, O.P. (Burns and Oates 15s).

A Grain of Wheat: The Story of St. Bernadette of Lourdes, by Margaret Trouncer (Hutchinson 15s).

St. Bernadette: A Pictorial Biography, by Leonard von Matt and Francis Trochu (Longmans 30s).

Bernadette of Lourdes, by Frances Parkinson Keyes (Burns and Oates 2s 6d).

MR. DEERY'S BOOK bids fair to become a popular "classic" on Lourdes. The Archbishop of Dublin, in a foreword, calls it a "compendium of Lourdes," and claims that it "gives an accurate picture of every aspect" of the author's subject. It certainly combines the function of guide-book and history book, and even contains a diagram of and an account of the progress made on the new basilica of Pius X up to September 1957. The Mgr. gives an excellent summary of the institution of the Medical Bureau and its work; and what is particularly pleasing, an objective and well-written account of the principal authenticated cures from Pieter de Rudder to the present day.

There is no shortage of "lives" in English of Bernadette; and no doubt this year of centenary will see many more. Yet it may be doubted whether any succeed or will succeed, as well as Mgr. Deery, in giving in twenty-five short pages so admirable and understanding an account of her interior life. In our view there is only one blemish in it. He supplies a photograph of Marie-Térèse Vauzou, Bernadette's Novice-Mistress, and with it the caption "a chief human agent in the Sanctification of Bernadette." He amplifies this in his text: "Obviously, the blindness of the Novice-Mistress was permitted by Divine Providence as *the most efficacious means* to the achievement of Its loving purpose in the sanctification of Bernadette" (*Italics ours*). This is surely a difficult doctrine. For it implies that the Holy Spirit worked in Bernadette most efficaciously by means of the sins of another! Bernadette, we feel, is a saint independently of Mother Vauzou.

This Place called Lourdes obviously suffers in comparison with Mgr. Deery's book, not only in the presentation of material but especially in price. *Our Lady of Lourdes* has 266 large-size pages, an excellent index, and many fine photographs—all for 18s. Sister Flynn's with 216 smaller pages, without illustrations, costs 15s. Rather more than half the book is devoted to the miracles; it is a trifle too much. One would have preferred more of Sister's own reminiscences, of which she writes very charmingly.

A Grain of Wheat is a disconcerting book—a mixture of the "factual"

and "fictional" styles. We find sentences like this cheek by jowl: "Novelists have often made him [M. Jacomet, Lourdes chief of police in 1858] out a dragon, forgetting that it was not his place to sift out the evidence for the supernatural, but just to keep order in Lourdes" and "'What's all this,' he muttered, 'all because of the little Soubirous child from the rue des Petits-Fossées? Why, I knew her father. Clapped him in jail m'self [*sic*] last year'." The book is arresting for the number of its "asides" dealing with the physical phenomena of mysticism and pseudo-mysticism (too many, we think—attention to the marvellous accidentals is apt to distract the reader from the substance of Bernadette's sanctity); and the authorities on these and other aspects of spiritual theology are constantly referred to and even cited. It is as though Mrs. Trouncer had followed her first impulse which was to write a novel, documented it with ample footnotes, and then decided to incorporate all the footnotes into the text. However, Mrs. Trouncer's style is lively and engaging, and many will enjoy her book.

St. Bernadette is another volume in the same series of pictorial biographies as *St. Dominic* (reviewed in *THE MONTH*, March 1958). Here again, the text is important only in that it helps us to "place" the photographs which speak so clearly and movingly—especially those of the incorrupt body of the saint. There are some who, after making their pilgrimage, are apt to be troubled by the commercialisation which, they feel, "spoils" Lourdes. Many of these photographs will serve to remind them that the power of Christ, the power of the prayer of the Mystical Body, finds its full scope in the midst of human weakness.

Bernadette of Lourdes is a reprint of Mrs. Keyes's novel, published in 1941, under the title *The Sublime Shepherdess*.

JAMES WALSH

KNOWING AND BEING

Imagination and Thinking, by Peter McKellar (Cohen and West 21s).

Saving the Appearances, by Owen Barfield (Faber 21s).

The Interplay of Opposites, by Gustav E. Meuller (Bookman Associates, New York \$4.00).

THE THREE BOOKS noticed here are linked by a common, basic theme—that of Knowledge and its relation to Reality—but each author has his own distinctive approach and preoccupation.

Imagination and Thinking is an impressive achievement in the best tradition of Empirical Psychology—skilful in its selection of material, fair and judicious in its handling of that material, and controlled in its theorising. Dr. McKellar is head of the Psychological Laboratory in

the University of Sheffield and, while sturdily "scientific" in his treatment, he disowns the extravagant view that an explanation cannot be scientific unless it be "quantitative."

The subject of his book is the complex relationship that obtains between Imagination and Thinking. His investigations are shaped and controlled by the distinction between "autistic" thinking, dominated by varying degrees of subjective fantasy, and "reality-adjusted" thinking as exemplified by the processes of scientific thought and logical reasoning. His broad concern is with the part played by Imagination in all its forms in various types of normal and abnormal Thinking—the creative thinking of the writer and the artist, the thought-processes of the scientist, the pathological thinking of the psychotic. His book abounds in concrete data drawn from recorded experience, controlled experiment and the processes of the arts and, hence, is singularly rich in material of interest and value to both the theoretical psychologist and the psychiatrist.

Indeed, the feature of his book that is likely to rouse most attention is his thoughtful treatment of the dream-process as a means of achieving empathy with the psychotic and, along with this, his observations on the phenomena of the quasi-psychotic thinking which is experimentally induced by the use of such drugs as mescaline and lysergic acid diethylamide. It has of course long been noted that schizophrenia, for example, involves the invasion of consciousness by something like a dream-condition but, in this whole field, diagnosis has unfortunately far outstripped effective therapy. It may well be, as Dr. McKellar thinks, that the answer is likely to lie in the realm of bio-chemistry. He adduces good evidence for the suggestion that excess of adrenochrome (a break-down product of adrenaline) may be one of the villains of the piece.

The markedly empirical outlook revealed in this book is at once its strength and, we venture to suggest, the source of some of its limitations. Since Dr. McKellar is himself of the opinion that there is "no adequate overall theory of human thinking available," it is not surprising to find that his treatment of "Thinking" as such has not that confident firmness of touch which is so conspicuous in his handling of the phenomena of dreams and perception.

Mr. Owen Barfield, too, is concerned with "Imagination," but far more radically than Dr. McKellar. The familiar phenomenal world itself, he believes, is to be regarded as a system of collective representations, the upshot of the impact of "particles," themselves unrepresented, on man's apparatus of perception. Up to a point, therefore, we construct and mould the world of phenomena by responding to the impact of reality with a basic psychological activity that Mr. Barfield terms "Figuration." It is thus that in perception the world comes to assume

the appearance of a manifold of "solid" objects endowed with primary and secondary qualities. "Figuration," then, would seem to be closely akin to Kant's pure form of perception, the antecedent condition for perceiving the "unrepresented" noumenal world. The result, in practice, is—"idolatry"! Man confers a spurious independence upon phenomena and fails to acknowledge the Reality that underlies and works through both his own consciousness and its objects. He has forgotten—especially since the revolution in modern science—the crucial truth that all his knowing is ultimately a participation in the creative Word of God. It is to correct this distortion that Mr. Barfield has written his highly original book.

This idea of "Participation" is the key to Mr. Barfield's thinking which ranges at large over many fields of learning. Everywhere he traces this tension between "Participation" and "Idolatry"—in the history of Philosophy and of Science, in the origin of language, in the religious history of the Jews, in divergent conceptions of the nature of Art and the function of Theology. *Saving the Appearances* is a stimulating and thought-provoking book, the adventure of a mind richly stored, supple in its movements, large in its perspectives and full of original insights. Yet, just because the idea of "Participation," so loaded with ambiguity throughout its long and varied history, is the key-idea of the book, it is important that it should be pinned down with more precision than Mr. Barfield has chosen to exhibit. He is writing, he tells us, "about history rather than metaphysics." Nevertheless, the question he raises is one that in the last resort demands metaphysical resolution.

Professor Mueller has no misgiving whatsoever about that resolution. With unwavering assurance and in the language of forthright assertion he interprets "Participation" as "The Interplay of Opposites." Dialectic, the tension and reconciliation of opposites in a more fundamental unity, is the key that unlocks all doors. The author is Research Professor of Philosophy at the University of Oklahoma. With a thinking-technique taken over from Hegel he tackles with enthusiastic confidence the classical problems and antitheses of metaphysical speculation: Time and Eternity, Nature and History, Freedom and Destiny, Truth and Reality, Being and Becoming, the One and the Many. They are all there—and his concluding chapter on "Dialectical Theology" provides both a synthesis of his own thought and a Dialectical basis for a Philosophy of Religion.

Professor Mueller writes with freshness and vigour and he is at his best in his concise, synoptic comparisons between different movements and schools of thought. Some of his procedures, however, will strike the historian of Philosophy as wrongheaded. His interpretation of Anselm's Ontological Argument as a piece of Hegelianism born out of

due time, and his attempt to present Aquinas's teaching on the Analogy of Being in terms of "a dialectical unity of opposites" are, we think, exhibitions of misplaced ingenuity. His thinking does not altogether avoid the weak-spot in most purely dialectical approaches to Truth—their fatal tendency to blur and smudge over essential differences.

W. DONNELLY

AN AESTHETIC TRADITION

The Beginnings of Christian Art, by D. Talbot Rice (Hodder and Stoughton 42s).

THE EARLY CENTURIES of Christianity can be accommodated quite happily to the wider view of history envisaged by Professor Barraclough. This book sets out to trace the history of early Christian art within that less restricted framework, noting developments in western and eastern Europe, in Egypt or in Syria, as contributory factors to a single continuum. It begins with an analysis of the Greek, Latin, and Oriental styles which were the components of the first specifically Christian art, and emphasises the important role of portable manuscript illustrations such as the Alexandrine Septuagint or the Vienna Genesis in the formation of an agreed system of iconography on a larger scale. The author rightly declines to enter the lists in the "Orient oder Rom" controversy, since this is a study of beginnings and not of origins. His treatment is chronological and topographical, and "primarily concerned with the aesthetic quality of the paintings." Perhaps more could have been said about the influence of historical factors on the development of separate styles; and the theological or dogmatic significance of local iconographical variants is only occasionally hinted at. But it does the historian and the theologian no harm to be reminded that Christian art can be appreciated for its aesthetic qualities only.

No one has done more than Professor Talbot Rice to restore Byzantine painting and mosaic decoration to their rightfully prominent place in the history of European art; but some may be worried or disappointed by the comparatively scanty account given here of developments in western Europe, where the story is taken no further than 1100. There is a reason for this, however, beyond a mere partiality for Byzantine art and its by-products in the Balkans—namely that the "Beginnings of Christian Art" continued to evolve without interruption in the Byzantine countries east of the Adriatic right up to the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries, whereas western art, and to some extent Russian art also, underwent what might be termed a new beginning at a much earlier date. Consequently the comparatively newly-found frescoes in Yugoslavia and Bulgaria (here admirably

described), and the later Greek work at Mistra and Mount Athos, have a special significance in the story of the unbroken line of development of Christian art from its earliest beginnings.

The transcendental nature of much Byzantine art is evident enough even to those who have ventured no further east than Ravenna; and it may well be that this is a reflection of the fact that the Byzantines took more kindly to their mystics and enjoyed a more "pneumatic" vision than the Christians of the west. But whether indeed "we see here the very features which distinguish western from eastern Christianity to the present time" is another matter. Fortunately there are not too many generalisations of this nature, and this book can be read with profit and without embarrassment by Christians on both sides of the fence, to remind them of an era when their horizons were larger and their outlook perhaps more generous, when Christian art from Ireland to Antioch bore witness to a free and fruitful exchange of ideas. The specialist will be the wiser for the detailed discussions of the dating of certain disputed works. The general reader, for whom the book is primarily intended, will be grateful for the opportunity to reap the fruits of so much research with so little effort. A wealth of material is packed into chapters of manageable length; and the illustrations, not least the line drawings, are excellent.

DONALD M. NICOL

THE MASTER-MIND AT PLAY

Shakespeare's Wordplay, by H. M. Mahood (Methuen 18s).

MISS MAHOOD has written a most learned treatise which will be enjoyed not only by Shakespearian scholars but by those likewise who can claim no more than the ordinary theatre-going man's knowledge of the plays. The "wordplay" of the title refers to the puns and quibbles which Shakespeare was so fond of putting into the mouths of his characters. The average number of puns, it appears, in a play by Shakespeare is seventy-eight, rising to as many as two hundred and more in *Love's Labour's Lost*. Now the Shakespearian pun, as we all know, can fall rather heavily on the modern ear. But puns, as Miss Mahood is at pains to point out, were only a part of that playing with words of which Shakespeare was so fond. When, for example, Antony says,

The hearts

That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Caesar; and this pine is bark'd
That overtopped them all. . . .

we have an "image-cluster" made up of three distinct, and at first

sight somewhat disconnected, images—dog, sweetmeat and tree; and it is not until we take in the significance of the word “bark’d” that we realise the thought-connection which unifies the whole. Beyond this again, Shakespeare “delights to break one word into a spectrum of meanings . . . or at other times to fuse two or more words into one complex meaning.” Take, for example, Hamlet’s “O, that this too too solid flesh would melt.” In one version we are asked to read “sallied” for “solid.” What exactly “sallied flesh” might mean is a little obscure, though Miss Mahood is prepared to uphold it as meaning something. Dr. Dover Wilson, on the other hand, prefers “sullied” (which quite clearly has a meaning of its own), and, taken in conjunction with the Ghost’s injunction a little later, “*Taint not thy mind,*” seems to fit in well with the poet’s presumed pattern of thought. But at the same time the appositeness of the verb “melt” in its particular conjunction would seem to point back to “solid” as the reading to be preferred. The true explanation would appear to be that Shakespeare had both versions in mind when he wrote, as when, to take a more succinct example, he speaks of the sea’s “impittious haste,” a portmanteau adjective meaning at once impetuous and pitiless. In following these illuminating researches into the processes of a writer’s thought as illustrated by his own words, one is forcibly reminded of the parallel afforded by music. The hints and echoes of recurrent themes in one medium or the other are oddly alike, as is the language used to describe them. But this opens up yet wider fields of speculation which are beyond the scope of the matter in hand. Let it suffice to say that however little we may appreciate those puns which Elizabethan audiences found so diverting, henceforward, thanks to this well-balanced survey, knowing what a wealth of meaning they may hide, we shall approach them with renewed expectations of enjoyment and understanding.

JOHN McEWEN

SHORTER NOTICES

St. John Baptist de La Salle, by W. J. Battersby, Ph.D., with Foreword by H. O. Evennett, M.A. (Burns and Oates 42s).

DR. BATTERSBY is now the acknowledged authority on the Brothers of the Christian Schools and their Founder, and we have here, presumably, the definitive biography of the saint. In another book Dr. Battersby rightly called De La Salle a pioneer of modern education; here we watch him creating training-schools for teachers, and what may be called adult education for those who have left school, and, later, education suited to the “middle class” then being born. That he

insisted on beginning education in the vernacular and not Latin was an heroic innovation in his day, though the most ardent devotee of the classics today would hardly imagine acting otherwise than he did, though we ourselves are convinced that it would be a good thing for as many children as possible to grow up at least bilingual. It is interesting to see that De La Salle became associated with education much against his will: those he at first employed as teachers "I ranked below my own valet, hence the very thought of having to live with them was unbearable." If he felt thus, we can guess how angry, and how puzzled, were not only his family but most of his contemporaries ecclesiastic or lay, when he renounced his canonry, and introduced teachers into his home, and ate their food which, like their table-manners, revolted him. On the other hand, the saint was slightly ahead of his time in the matter of ablutions, perhaps of personal linen, and certainly of the habits of Versailles which was as lacking in sanitation as it was in heating. Such details enliven a history which might have become tedious had it merely catalogued St. John Baptist's unending struggle with jealousies, vested interests, churlish ecclesiastics, to say nothing of domestic trials, the difficulty due to his resolve that his Brothers should be governed by a Brother (and, therefore, not by himself), and the discomfort of having to live amid the miseries due to Jansenism. Dr. Battersby has written separate books on the saint's spiritual life, and can on the whole leave it to breathe across the "multitude of business" with which so much of this book has to deal. There can hardly be a better example of sheer "vocation" than the career of this man who became so creative at the cost of his own family tradition, education and personal preferences; and we are grateful for this unromantic account of it: and indeed for the revelation of how much goodwill there was in every part of France, and even in Paris, even at court. It is fatally easy to think of France in terms of the *Roi Soleil*, and even of him in terms only of autocracy, militarism and extravagance.

The Meddlesome Friar, by Michael de la Bedoyere (Collins 16s).

SAINTS have their history, but often too their legend is composed at first of what the pious would wish to have happened, and, more recently, by the elimination of what might shock them. Sinners, too, may have their legend because even the devout enjoy horror-stories. But the historian himself will remember that contraries can co-exist in the same person, and at a far higher power in Renaissance personages than that at which we are likely to find them today. Mr. de la Bedoyere has not forgotten this, and has made the heroic effort to see Alexander VI and Savonarola as they were within the cocoon of myth which swiftly swaddled the Pope especially. The Friar, seeing the iniquities of his

times, felt, like Jeremiah, a burning fire within his bones, and speak he must—"I cannot live, unless I preach!": and his preaching was so sanctioned that he could say: "If I lie, God lies." His perspective was now narrower, now general: he could not see that if Florence was to become the "Holy City," his "bonfires of vanities" provided more fun than conversions; nor that siding with Charles IX of France and his invasion would go no way to purifying Italy; nor that an appeal to a Council superior to the Pope would have ended by making a Luther of him. In that sense, his execution was *felix opportunitate*. As for Alexander, no one pretends he was "virtuous," but no one would wish him to have been "respectable" in our fashion. Robert Burns would not have found in him good material to scarify. Horrible as sensual sin in a churchman seems to us, it does not appear that he was "wanderingly lewd." Italian hatred for Spaniards waned only to flame again, fuel having been added by his overriding devotion to the Borgia clan. His long years of very hard work as Chancellor are unknown by those who picture him only as a giver of supper-parties, poison probably included. His long-lasting, sorely tried tolerance of the Friar (much more than just "meddlesome"!) is eclipsed by his final verdict, rather as Savonarola's humble prayerful death puts him rightly back in his convent of San Marco, with Fra Angelico's calm, heavenly paintings on its walls. A popular, yet well-balanced book, full of insight. A few colloquialisms might have been avoided.

Voss, by Patrick White (Eyre and Spottiswoode 18s).

EVERY PAGE of this book deserves to be read carefully, though perhaps there are too many (478). The story develops in the Australia of 1845, and we will take as truthful both the *mise en scène* (though we would have been glad to see more of the Sydney of a century ago), and the conversation (though we wonder if there may not be one or two slips: did people then say it was "up to" so and so to do something? or that a man was talking "through his hat?" Perhaps they did! Slang is often older than one imagines). Part of the book is concerned with habits and talk of the wealthier inhabitants of Sydney: we do not realise that from about 1830 to 1840 Australia was being freed from "convictism" and experiencing a rapid development in—we may say—civilisation. But to be shown all this would have distracted us from the central character, Johann Ulrich Voss, a German who experienced an irresistible "urge" to go to Australia and then to traverse the continent on foot. German in his iron determination crossed with a strange mysticism, he increasingly felt (till the very end) that he was almost God. He had with him an ex-convict, a slightly defective youth who adored him, two men far too introspective and

spiritually lonely for such an expedition, a rather coarse labourer, two Natives. Each of these, to my feeling, becomes in his way, lovable, though Voss, in his proud absolution, takes long to inspire more than pity, for his own sake and because of the tragedy that cannot but be foreseen. The account of the horrible trials, by sun and pain, that the men had to endure is convincing (there is little description of the animal life, larger or smaller, encountered): but it is the psychology of the travellers (Blacks included) that is analysed; and here it is all-but allegory that enters. Laura Trevelyan was spiritually separate from the wealthy uncultured Sydney citizens: she met Voss but seldom before his setting-out, but a mysterious affinity created itself between them save that she had the humility which somehow became his in mind as well as act: she accompanied him and must have caused him, for all his tyranny, so to serve his suffering and dying companions that when the ex-convict saw the fatal spear hanging from his side, he recognised that there was something of Christ in him. Every author has the right to his own style, but sometimes Mr. White's metaphors or even single adjectives hold us up and even defeat our understanding. None the less, this book, though sorrowful at times to the point of cruelty, carries a powerful conviction, deeply though it probes into the recesses of human souls.

Memories of a Catholic Girlhood, by Mary McCarthy (Heinemann 21s).

THESE "memories," we gather, appeared first in various magazines, and are here printed with notes appended in which the author revises and corrects what she had previously written. This seems to us to be a wasteful method, because as you read the chapters, you naturally assume that what is said is true, and are rather annoyed to be told that, after all, much of it wasn't. Anyhow, she was the daughter of an irresponsible Irish-American father and a charming mother, a convert after marriage, romantically fervent in her way; but both died almost suddenly of influenza when the children were very young. She went to her apparently Jansenist grandmother (the other was Jewish). This lady had the power of turning everything ugly for a child who craved for beauty. However, she was shunted off to an uncle by marriage who was Protestant and who beat her, not because she was conceited (she wasn't, though vain) but lest she should become so. Her happiness was found in the pieties of a parochial school, till the day of her First Communion, when she drank a sip of water and felt that if she went to Communion she would be damned, but if she didn't, she could not walk at the head of the first communicants nor wear the white dress for which her relatives had paid. She made what she thought the fatal choice. When she was ill, she was at school with

the Sacred Heart nuns at Seattle; the bigger girls were "aristocratic" and disregarded her, but "I argued it was only a question of time before I would be noticed . . . it was the idea of being noticed that consumed all my attention": she decided to "lose her faith": that indeed would impress people! Neither the Superior nor the priests to whom she was sent appear to have seen through her, but her faith was duly recovered, though later she asked about the application of *extra ecclesiam nulla salus* to her Protestant relatives and apparently received but fumbling answers. But the decisive blow fell when she was removed to an episcopalian school. Her deepest desire was to be an actress, and her conviction, that she was already a good one. But an actor (whom afterwards she married) told her definitely that she had not the talent. Then the story passes on into adolescence and its rather cheap experiments. So this book would have been better called "Memories of an American Girlhood," first, because the world described is so different from an English one, and then, because the Catholicism that flaked off during so mixed-up an education was itself so thin. We regret that, though adult, she could write the incredibly superficial pages with which her explanatory introduction ends. She acknowledges her earlier sentimentalism, but has not grown up sufficiently to be *unable* to write that "as a lapsed Catholic, I do not trouble myself about the possibility that God may exist after all." She thinks that that Existence is "more than doubtful." But the possibility is not, for her, one to worry about. We will not pause on slips: "Children of Mary" are not "a sodality of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart"; I do not know anyone who claims that "God descended on St. Thérèse in a shower of roses"; Caesar did not make mistakes in his Latin (p. 132): but we share the author's surprise that so many have professed curiosity about her family-history.

The Great Week: An Explanation of the Liturgy of Holy Week, by Aemiliana Löhr, Nun of Herstelle, translated by D. T. H. Bridgehouse. Foreword by Dom Ralph Russell, O.S.B. (Longmans 12s 6d).

Holy Week, A Commentary, by Dom M. Tierney, O.S.B., of Glenstal (Browne and Nolan 5s).

DAME AEMILIANA, says Dom Ralph Russell, is the disciple of Dom Odo Casel, who collapsed after singing the *Exultet* and died some ten years ago early on Easter Day. And, because this book makes such rich use of symbols he regrets the more that nowadays the ancient symbols have ceased to be meaningful. A young speaker in a recent discussion said, in effect, that Christianity needs a complete restatement: "Shepherds mean nothing to us." For those who are willing to take

trouble, and are glad to read what Eastern liturgies and patristics too have to say, this book will nourish them as none that we have so far met can do. We doubt, in passing, whether the "double Jewish calendar" suffices to solve the problem of the date of the Last Supper.

Dom Mark Tierney, too, emphasises the need of preparation for Holy Week on the part of both clergy and laity. Considering the very little attention now given to the Old Testament, to how many does the Crossing of the Red Sea imply even a fraction of what it did in the Middle Ages? And do what we will, the *sense* of the details of our Holy Week liturgy will continue to escape the mind and heart of the immense majority of our Catholic compatriots.

St. Dominic: A Pictorial Biography, by Leonard von Matt and Marie-Humbert Vicaire, O.P., translated by Gerard Meath, O.P., with a map of the saint's travels by Sebastian Bullough, O.P. (Longmans 30s).

THE TEXT is a straightforward account of the life of St. Dominic and of the foundation and nature of his Order of Friars Preacher. The story marches on without otiose embellishments, like the astounding Roman aqueduct that proceeds across Segovia. This is right, because the book is one in the series which already includes Sts. Francis, Pius X, Ignatius and Bernadette. The author, then, and his excellent translator, will forgive us if we are fascinated by von Matt's photographs; he knows what to choose, and he does photograph it without playing tricks with his camera. What intelligence is displayed by these medieval architects, what sense of dignity, of grandeur and of a strong beauty, even when building simple homes, to say nothing of castles or cathedrals! We do not perhaps care for photos of young contemporaries at prayer (and certainly not when they are receiving Communion); but the sturdy lad (opposite p. 10) should grow up worthy of Calaruega, where St. Dominic was born, even as some of the modern building there is worthy of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Thus the superb vaulting of St. Maximin (that Provençal Friary where we spent happy days despite frozen nights) has an austerity worthy of the saint; while his tomb, at which we worshipped in Bologna, begun by Pisano (1265-6), is too Italian and has been progressively adorned—we would like all the top to be removed, even though it is partly the work of Michelangelo.

Beyond the Gospels, by Roderic Dunkerley (Penguin Publications 3s 6d).

THE AUTHOR makes an "investigation into the information on the life of Christ to be found outside the Gospels," and we must not be taken as regarding his immense labour as wasted, if we conclude that

nothing of serious value is in fact discovered. Certainly nothing about Our Lord's *life* is to be found. What of His "sayings"? No doubt all sorts of "sayings" were attributed to Him besides those quoted in the gospels, and even the latter were not always "textual quotations" in the modern sense. And no doubt these floating sentences were sure to be modified, unconsciously, or to fit some theory, or even for the sake of literary elegance. The Catholic critic will, for reasons independent of the Church's definitions, exclude, for example, such as imply that Christ gradually became convinced that He had a Messianic mission, and even, was Himself the Messiah. Others are evidently infected with a Gnostic flavour. Others are clearly amplified or in other ways "spoilt" memories of what the Church preserved in its tradition. At other times you are reduced to perceiving an alien taste in what is adduced, and acknowledging your inability to prove or disprove its authenticity, which is what Mr. Dunkerley mostly does. We think he could unload from among his "authorities" writers like Mr. G. R. S. Mead, who merely cumber the ground. But his references to Islamic works are interesting, as throwing some flickering light upon their authors, though not upon the life or teaching of Our Lord.

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ONE of the great occupational risks of business life under the pressure of to-day is that the practical man of affairs neglects his outside reading, and all too easily falls into a narrow circle of immediate preoccupations. There is always loss in this, and the Catholic business or professional man, as a member of the Church Universal, has a particularly strong reason for keeping his mind open to wider horizons. Certainly it was never more necessary than now to follow world happenings. A direct chain of causes and effects ties every business to economical changes in the world, which are themselves as often the consequence as the cause of changes in men's political and social ideas. These ideas in their turn come out of the religions, or irreligions, of contemporary man.

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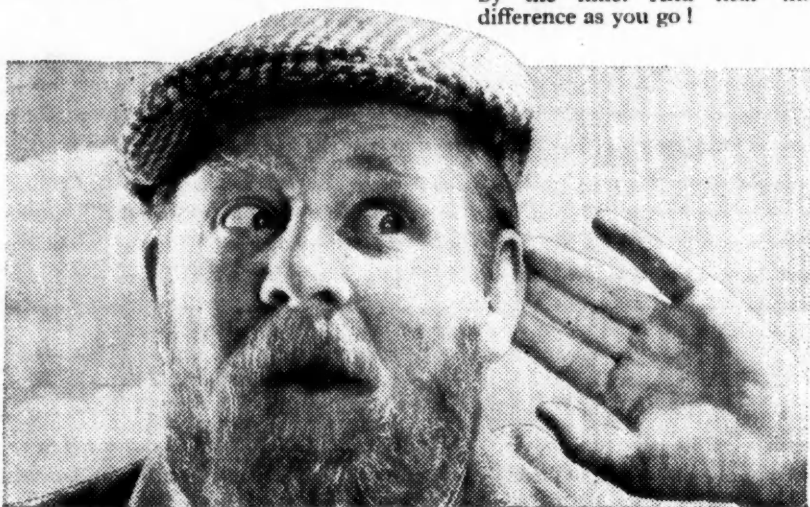
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